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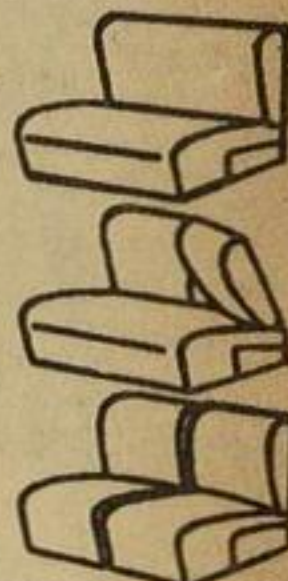
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The VAMPIRE VISION



Science doesn't deny that a person tortured by unspeakable horrors can sometimes flash a vivid image to a receptive mind! But some images are too terrifying for the mind to encompass -- and then they bristle forth into hideous reality -- like the grim visitor who flaps from the haze of **THE VAMPIRE VISION!**

Late one night -- at the home of Gail Foster, in a New York suburb --

IT WAS SEVEN YEARS AGO TONIGHT THAT WORD CAME THAT YOUR PLANE WAS MISSING OVER TRANSYLVANIA, BILL -- AND THAT YOU WERE GIVEN UP FOR LOST! BUT IF I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU, DARLING, IT'S BECAUSE

I STILL LOVE YOU -- **AND BECAUSE SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU AREN'T REALLY DEAD!**



I'VE DONE THE SAME THING EVERY YEAR, DARLING -- PLAYED THE RECORD YOU MADE JUST BEFORE YOU LEFT FOR EUROPE! YOU WANTED ME TO LISTEN TO IT WHENEVER I FELT LONELY, AND THE KIDS IN SCHOOL USED TO TEASE ME ABOUT IT -- BUT BILL, HONEY, I **HAVE BEEN LONELY -- AWFULLY LONELY!**



Gail listens -- her eyes half-closed -- as Bill's voice sounds in the darkened room!

HONEY, DON'T THINK I'LL FORGET YOU JUST BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO BE A FEW THOUSAND MILES APART! YOU'LL BE ON MY MIND UNTIL THE DAY I GET BACK--AND I WILL GET BACK, BABY! BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M A PILOT--AND THERE'S NOTHING IN MY LIFE BUT BIG, SHINING WINGS--



The voice seems to change as Gail drifts into the strange borderland between sleeping and waking! It's a voice like a creaking door opening onto a bristling nightmare!

THERE'S NOTHING IN MY LIFE, GAIL! NOTHING BUT BIG, SHINING, FURRY BLACK WINGS!

BILL-- WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME? WHEREVER YOU ARE, DARLING, TRY TO REACH ME-- TRY TO SHOW ME WHAT'S WRONG!



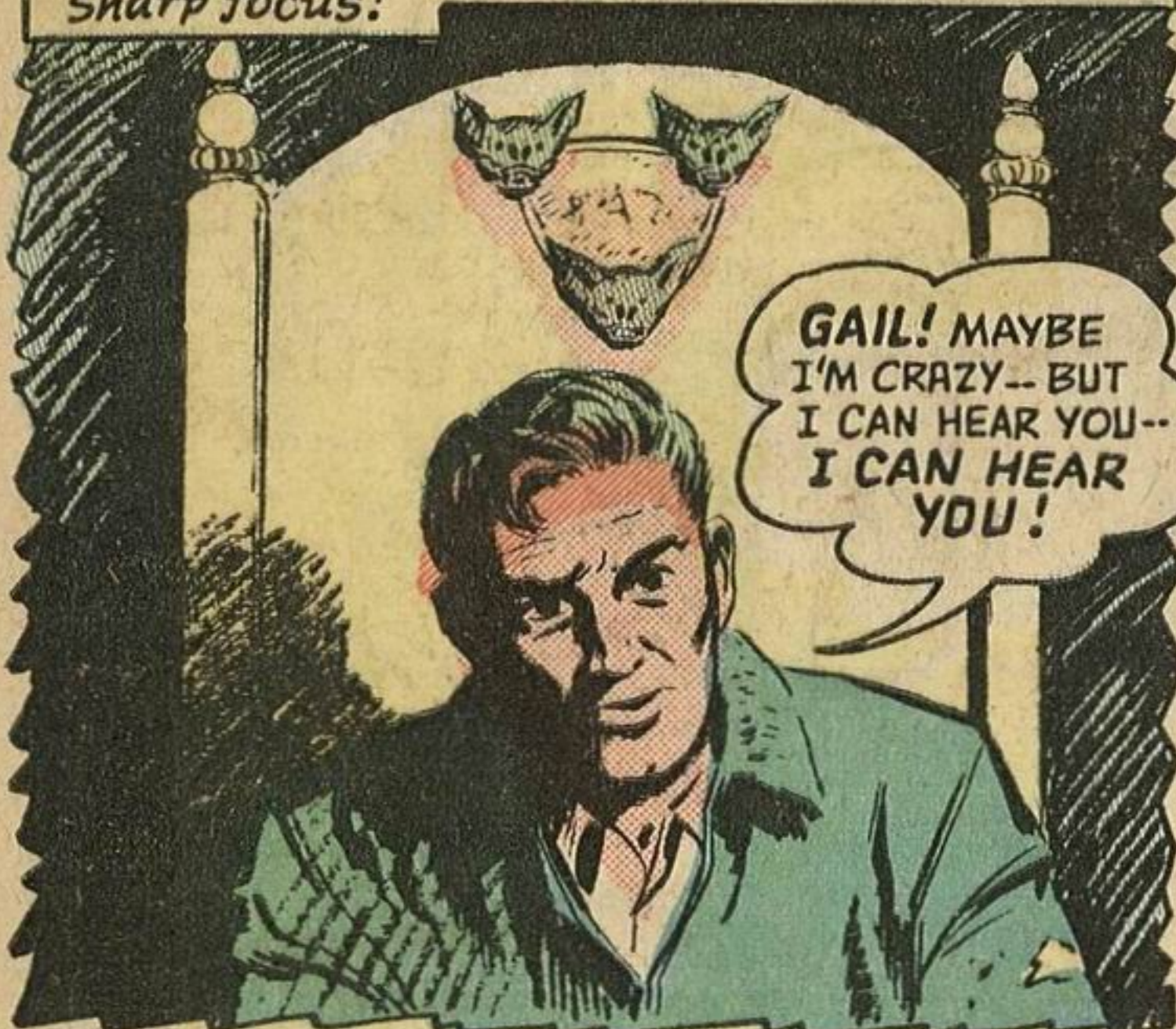
An image flashes through Gail's mind -- hazy as a reflection in rippling water!



BILL, I KNOW THAT'S YOU--AND THAT YOU'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER! WHAT IS IT, DARLING -- WHAT HORRIBLE THING IS HAPPENING TO YOU?



The sagging form stirs, as if struggling against an invisible force -- and suddenly comes into sharp focus!



GAIL! MAYBE I'M CRAZY-- BUT I CAN HEAR YOU-- I CAN HEAR YOU!

The shadows beside the chair move slowly -- menacingly-- shadows that cast a pall of terror!

THEY WON'T LET ME SAY ANYTHING, GAIL! THOSE BEADY EYES HAVE KEPT ME HERE -- I CAN'T ESCAPE!



Then -- like the unfolding of a curtain of horror --

NO -- NO! DON'T GO AWAY, GAIL-- DON'T GO AWAY!



BILL! SOMETHING'S COME BETWEEN US-- I CAN'T SEE YOU!

WAKE UP, GAIL! COME ON, HONEY-- IT'S JUST A NIGHTMARE!





THAT WAS NO ORDINARY NIGHTMARE, DAD! BILL'S ALIVE -- AND HE'S IN THE POWER OF HIDEOUS CREATURES WITH BATLIKE WINGS!

YOU'RE JUST OVERWROUGHT, GAIL -- AND NO WONDER, AFTER YOU'VE HAD BILL ON YOUR MIND FOR SEVEN YEARS!



DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD TRY TO FORGET BILL -- WHEN BROODING ABOUT HIM MEANS GETTING YOURSELF WORKED UP INTO A STATE LIKE THIS? NIGHTMARES SOMETIMES SEEM MORE REAL THAN LIFE ITSELF, GAIL -- BUT THE FINAL TEST IS THAT THEY NEVER OFFER ANYTHING DEFINITE TO PROVE THEY'RE MORE THAN A FANTASTIC TRICK OF THE MIND!



BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING DEFINITE! THE CHAIR BILL WAS SITTING IN HAD A COAT OF ARMS -- WITH THREE WEIRD-LOOKING ANIMAL HEADS! YOU MAY THINK IT'S FOOLISH, DAD -- BUT I'M GOING TO TRY TO TRACE THAT EMBLEM!



The following night -- with the hands of the clock inching toward twelve --

I'VE SPENT HOURS -- SEARCHING THROUGH HUNDREDS OF PAGES WITHOUT LUCK! GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL RETURN THIS BOOK TO THE LIBRARY, AND FORGET ABOUT MY HUNCH!



Suddenly -- near the end of the book --

HOUSE OF ZARA

THERE IT IS!



THE HOUSE OF ZARA! BUT IT CAN'T BE -- ACCORDING TO WHAT IT SAYS HERE! "THE ZARA FAMILY HAS BEEN EXTINCT FOR 300 YEARS -- AND ZARA CASTLE, ON THE SHORE OF KOLNO LAKE IN A REMOTE SECTION OF THE CARPATHIANS, IS SAID TO BE HAUNTED..."



THAT'S BAD ENOUGH -- BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE FAMILY MOTTO THAT SEEMS TO TIE IN WITH THE VISION I HAD OF BILL -- SOMETHING THAT EXPLAINS THE HORROR I SAW ON HIS FACE!

One shall fly, and
Two shall join, and
Catch a third, and
Then will Zara
rule the
herd!



WHEN BILL GAVE ME THESE WINGS, HE TOLD ME TO WISH ON THEM -- AND MAYBE IT WOULD BRING US TOGETHER AGAIN! BUT THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET TOGETHER NOW IS FOR ME TO LEARN WHAT BILL'S UP AGAINST! IF THAT VISION WASN'T JUST MY IMAGINATION -- MAYBE ANOTHER

ONE WILL COME TO ME IF I CONCENTRATE!

Gail dims the lights-- thinking of Bill--clutching the silver wings!

DARLING, I WON'T BE FRIGHTENED! GIVE ME A GLIMPSE OF WHAT THREATENS YOU, BILL--THE SECRET OF ZARA!



Bit by bit, Gail is aware of a growing chill in the silent room-- of a faint rustle among the stirring curtains!

SOMETHING'S...NEAR THE WINDOW! IT'S THE VISION I WAS WAITING FOR-- AND NO MATTER HOW FRIGHTENED I AM, I'M NOT GOING TO OPEN MY EYES WIDE UNTIL IT GETS CLOSER-- UNTIL I'M SURE OF WHAT IT IS!



As the black form glides nearer--

THE ROOM'S GETTING DARKER! A--A MERE VISION SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DO THAT!



Slowly, the jet wings spread open-- blocking the light!

BILL-- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! I WON'T NEED ANOTHER VISION-- NOW I KNOW YOU'RE THE PRISONER OF VAMPIRES!



HA HA HAA! -- SO YOU THINK I'M UNREAL-- SOMETHING YOU CAN DISMISS FROM YOUR MIND LIKE A TROUBLED DREAM! BUT SEE WHETHER I LEAVE -- BEFORE I ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION THAT BROUGHT ME HERE!



WHO ARE YOU?

DR. RAVPEMI --AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF COUNTESS ZARA! BILL CAMPBELL WAS HALF-DEAD WHEN WE FOUND HIM IN HIS SHATTERED PLANE, A FEW MILES FROM ZARA CASTLE! THAT WAS SEVEN YEARS AGO -- AND WE'VE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF HIM EVER SINCE!



BIT BY BIT, WE'RE MASTERING HIS SPIRIT -- UNTIL HE BECOMES LIKE US! THEN ZARA WILL BE READY FOR HER TRUE DESTINY -- A RACE OF VAMPIRES THAT WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD OF HUMANS!

YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED! YOU CAN KILL BILL -- BUT NO POWER LIKE YOURS WILL EVER DOMINATE HIS SPIRIT!



DON'T YOU THINK WE'VE WONDERED **WHY** -- DURING THE PAST SEVEN YEARS? HE'S RESISTED BECAUSE **YOU** REMAIN IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND -- BECAUSE THE THOUGHT OF **YOU** DOMINATES THE WILL WE ARE TRYING TO CONQUER! CAN YOU GUESS MY MISSION -- CAN YOU GUESS WHY I'M **HERE?**



With the sharp fangs glistening closer in the dim light --

TWO SMALL MARKS ON YOUR THROAT WILL BE THE ONLY CLUE WHEN THEY FIND YOU -- **LIFELESS!**

NO -- YOU LOATHSOME FIEND -- DON'T TOUCH ME!



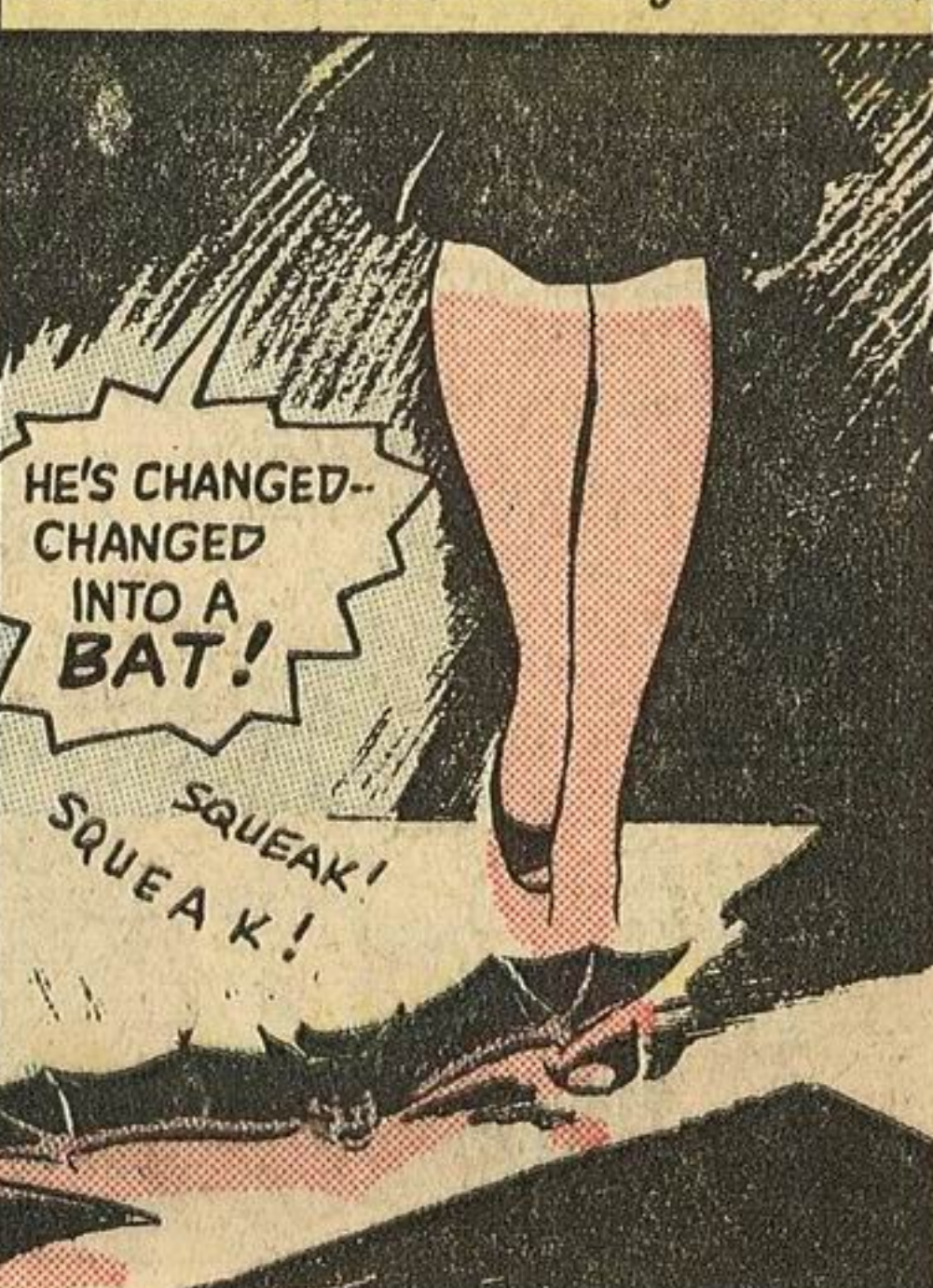
Panicked by the fluttering pursuit -- Gail slashes wildly at the clawed, inhuman hand!



SILVER!
SILVER!

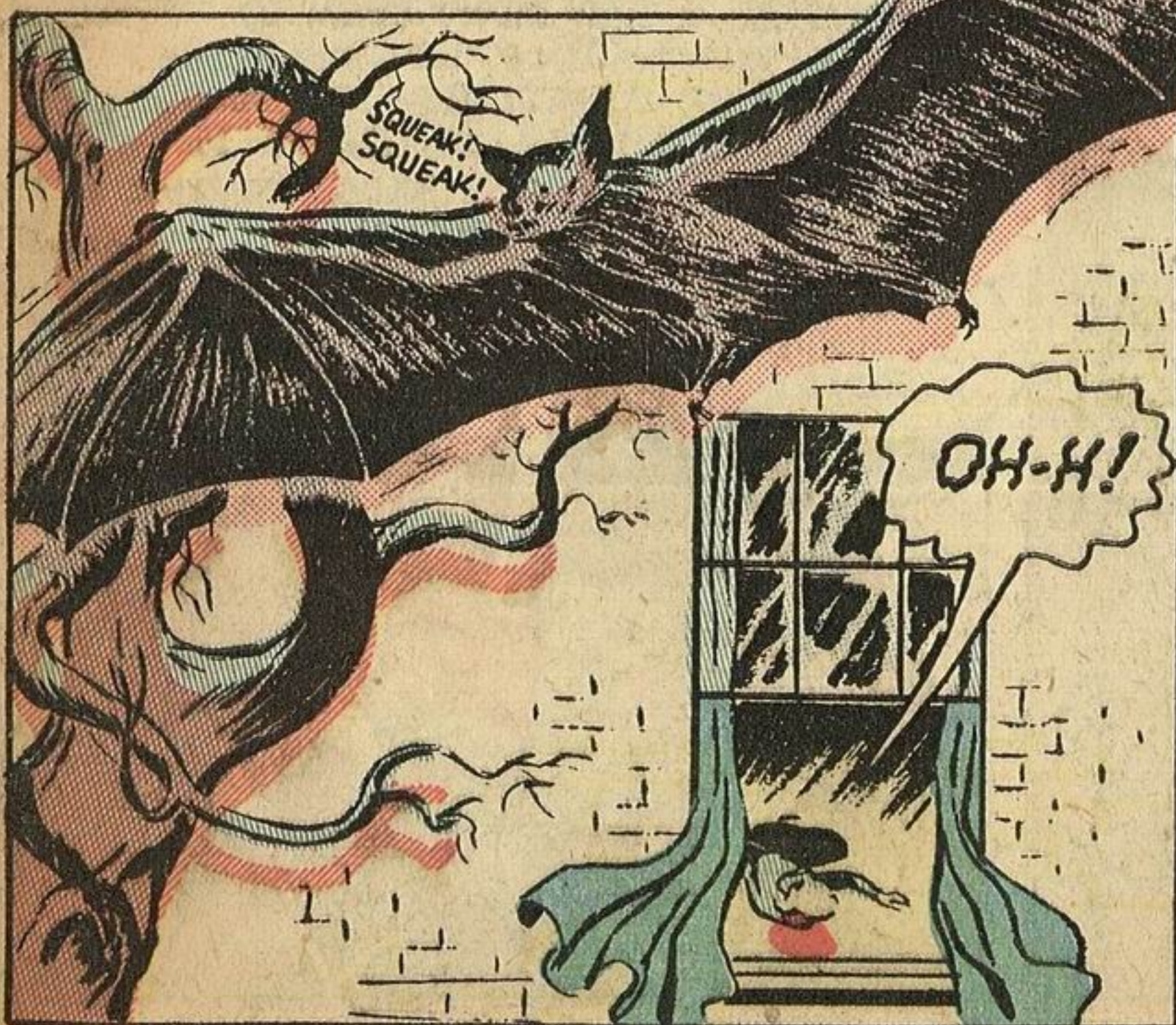


In the next blood-curdling second...



HE'S CHANGED--
CHANGED
INTO A
BAT!

SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!



A moment later -- when Gail revives...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HONEY? I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANYTHING WRONG UNTIL I HEARD YOU FALL -- BUT I CAN TELL FROM YOUR FACE THAT **SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!**

DAD, A HORRIBLE PHANTOM NAMED **RAVPEMI** WAS HERE -- ONE OF THE **VAMPIRES** THAT'S HOLDING BILL CAPTIVE! HE TOLD ME WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO -- AND NOW I KNOW WHAT ZARA'S FAMILY MOTTO **MEANS!**



"ONE SHALL FLY, AND NOT A BIRD"--AND THAT'S ZARA HERSELF! THE "TWO" THAT JOINED WAS RAVPEMI--AND THEY'VE CAUGHT A "THIRD"--BILL! DAD, I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY-- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE IT ISN'T STILL JUST MY IMAGINATION!

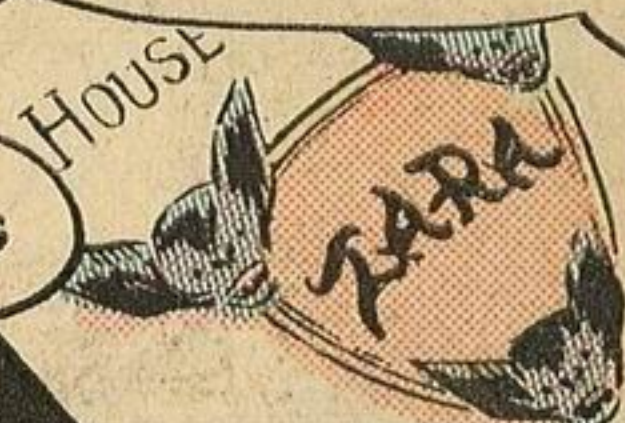


NO, GAIL-- I'M PRETTY SURE IT *ISN'T* YOUR IMAGINATION! I TRIED TO REASSURE YOU LAST NIGHT, BUT YOUR DESCRIPTION OF ZARA'S COAT OF ARMS WAS SO VIVID THAT I *KNEW* WHAT THOSE ANIMAL HEADS REPRESENT-- **BATS!** ON TOP OF THAT, SHUFFLE THE LETTERS IN THE NAME "**RAVPEMI**" AROUND-- AND THEY SPELL **VAMPIRE!**



I WOULDN'T HESITATE IF BILL WAS FACED BY SOME KIND OF HUMAN MENACE-- BUT HOW CAN WE FIGHT OFF CREATURES THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE **DEAD?**

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THERE ARE JUST TWO WAYS TO WARD OFF VAMPIRES! YOU ACCIDENTALLY USED ONE OF THEM WHEN YOU REPELLED RAVPEMI BY JABBING HIM WITH BILL'S SILVER WINGS-- SINCE AGES AGO, VAMPIRES WERE KILLED BY DRIVING SILVER STAKES THROUGH THEIR HEARTS! THE **OTHER** METHOD IS TO DISPOSE OF THE LAIR IN WHICH A VAMPIRE LIES, IN A CORPSE-LIKE TRANCE, DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS! THIS HAVEN IS MORE THAN A VAMPIRE'S REFUGE-- IT MEANS AS MUCH AS OXYGEN DOES TO A HUMAN!



BUT IF THE COUNTESS ZARA AND HER FRIEND RAVPEMI HAVE SURVIVED FOR THREE CENTURIES, GAIL-- IT'S PRETTY CLEAR THEY'VE LEARNED TO KEEP OUT OF DANGER! THEY CAN PROBABLY SENSE THE PRESENCE OF ANY SILVER OBJECT LARGE ENOUGH TO KILL THEM-- AND AS FOR THE SPOT THEY RETURN TO AT DAWN, IT'S PROBABLY DEEP INSIDE ZARA CASTLE-- SAFE FROM DISCOVERY! I HATE TO SAY IT-- **BUT I DOUBT IF ANYTHING WITHIN HUMAN POWER CAN HELP BILL!**



MAYBE NOT! BUT IN THE PAST FEW DAYS, I'VE HAD A GLIMPSE OF A **DIFFERENT** KIND OF POWER-- A FORCE THAT **WANTS** BILL TO LIVE-- AND **WANTS** ME TO HELP HIM! AND I **WILL!** NO MATTER WHAT ELSE HAPPENS-- **I'M NOT GOING TO LET BILL FACE THOSE CREATURES ALONE!**



Suddenly--

THAT'S A PHOTO OF THE AIRFIELD WHERE BILL'S SQUADRON WAS BASED DURING TRAINING-- **AND THE FRAME'S ALL AGLOW!** IT'S A MESSAGE FROM BILL WITH ONLY ONE MEANING-- **HE WANTS ME TO GO THERE!**



An hour later--

I CAN'T GUESS WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO NEXT-- AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT DOESN'T SEEM NECESSARY! IT'S ALMOST AS IF **BILL** WERE BESIDE ME-- **GUIDING EVERY ACTION!**



THAT DOES IT, MIKE! THIS IS THE LAST OF THOSE **B-45's** THAT NEED TO BE LOADED FOR A NIGHT PRACTICE BOMBING RUN!

THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE THE GLOW AROUND THE PLANE-- BUT MAYBE THEY **COULDN'T!** I'M THE ONE BILL'S SIGNALING TO-- AND I'M LEAVING THE REST TO **HIM!**



O.K. ON RUNWAY SIX! YOU'RE CLEAR, CAPTAIN -- HAVE A SMOOTH TRIP!

LIEUTENANT, DID YOU GET A LOOK AT THE PILOT OF THAT B-45 WHEN YOU CHECKED FLIGHT DATA WITH HIM?

NOPE -- HE SAID HE'D BEEN BRIEFED SOME TIME AGO, SO I FIGURED THE REST COULD BE HANDLED BY RADIO! I FLASHED HIS NAME TO THE OPERATIONS SECTION!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! CAPTAIN **BILL CAMPBELL, 184-097**, CRASHED IN EUROPE SEVEN YEARS AGO, LIEUTENANT! **HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!**

As the bomber gains altitude --

I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE TAKING OFF WITH YOUR HELP, BILL! BUT I GET NERVOUS WHEN I THINK OF THE THOUSANDS OF MILES AHEAD -- ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR VOICE FADES OFF FROM TIME TO TIME -- JUST WHEN YOU'RE GIVING ME IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS!

DON'T WORRY, HONEY -- I WON'T LET YOU DOWN! I'LL FOLLOW EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE -- EVERY MILE YOU FLY -- AND THEY CAN'T STOP ME!

At that moment -- among the black, lonely crags of the Carpathians -- in Eastern Europe --

FOR SEVEN YEARS, YOU HAVE OBEYED ZARA -- AND YOU WILL OBEY NOW! LOOK INTO MY EYES, CAPTAIN -- **LOOK INTO MY EYES!**

YOU LIKE ZARA -- YOU **LOVE** ZARA -- YOU **LISTEN!** YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO THIS GIRL IS -- YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO FLY A PLANE!

STEADY OFF AT 12,000 FEET, GAIL! RELAX -- DON'T TOUCH THE AUTOMATIC PILOT FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS!

YOU ARE OBSTINATE -- BUT MINUTE BY MINUTE, YOUR POWER TO RESIST IS FAILING! THE PLANE WILL CRASH-- THE GIRL WILL BE KILLED -- AND THEN **NOTHING** CAN PREVENT MY MASTERY OF YOUR SOUL!

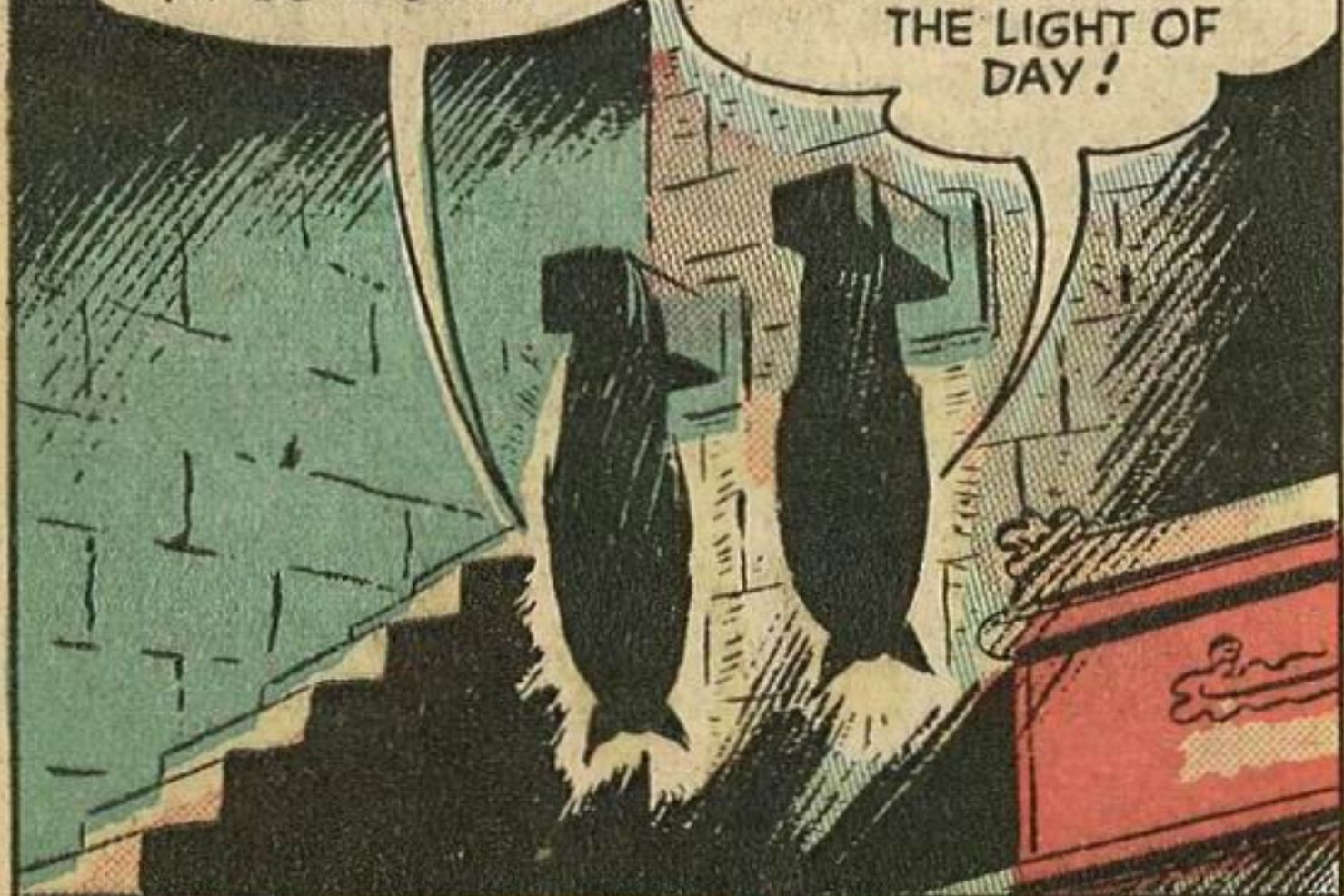
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO BE SURE OF IT, ZARA -- **THE USUAL METHOD!**



At dawn -- deep in the musty vaults of Zara Castle --

IT **WORKED**, RAVPEMI! NOW HE WILL BE SILENT -- UNTIL WE RETURN TO OUR VAMPIRE SHAPES AT SUNDOWN!

JUST A FEW MORE HOURS, ZARA -- JUST A FEW MORE HOURS BEFORE A **THIRD BAT** JOINS US IN FLEEING FROM THE LIGHT OF DAY!



But in the gloomy hall above -- struggling to keep a flickering gleam of consciousness --

GAIL -- I'M -- STILL WITH YOU! DROP TO 5,000 FEET NOW -- KEEP YOUR EYE -- ON THE LANDMARKS I MENTIONED --



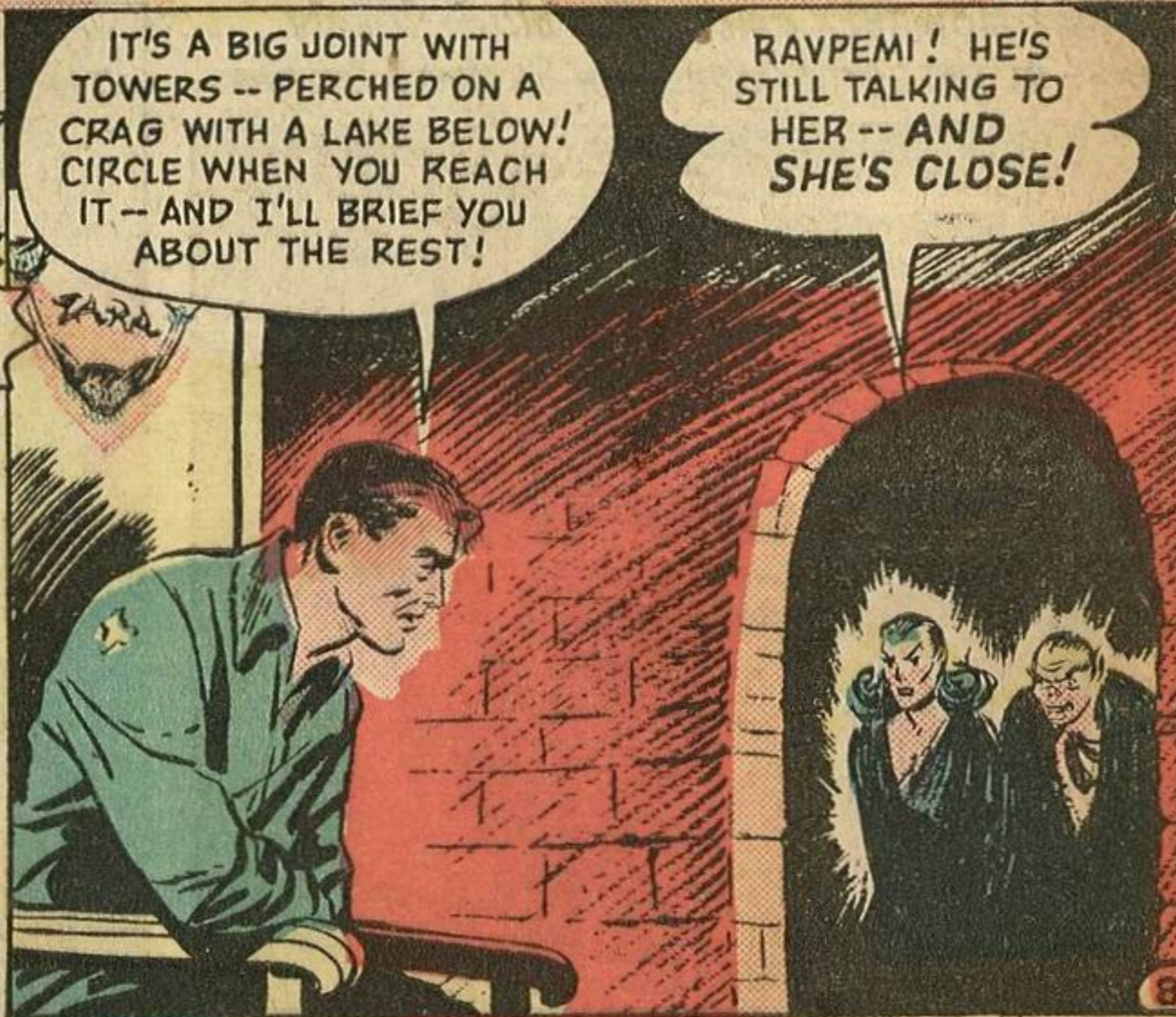
Early next day ---

BILL, ACCORDING TO THAT LAST BEARING YOU GAVE ME, I **SHOULD** BE CLOSE TO ZARA CASTLE -- BUT WHAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT NOW IS **YOU!** YOUR VOICE SOUNDS WEAK -- FAINTER THAN IT'S BEEN THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE FLIGHT!

DON'T MIND THAT, HONEY! FOLLOW THE VALLEY NORTHEAST FOR ABOUT THIRTY MILES -- YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

IT'S A BIG JOINT WITH TOWERS -- PERCHED ON A CRAG WITH A LAKE BELOW! CIRCLE WHEN YOU REACH IT -- AND I'LL BRIEF YOU ABOUT THE REST!

RAVPEMI! HE'S STILL TALKING TO HER -- AND SHE'S CLOSE!



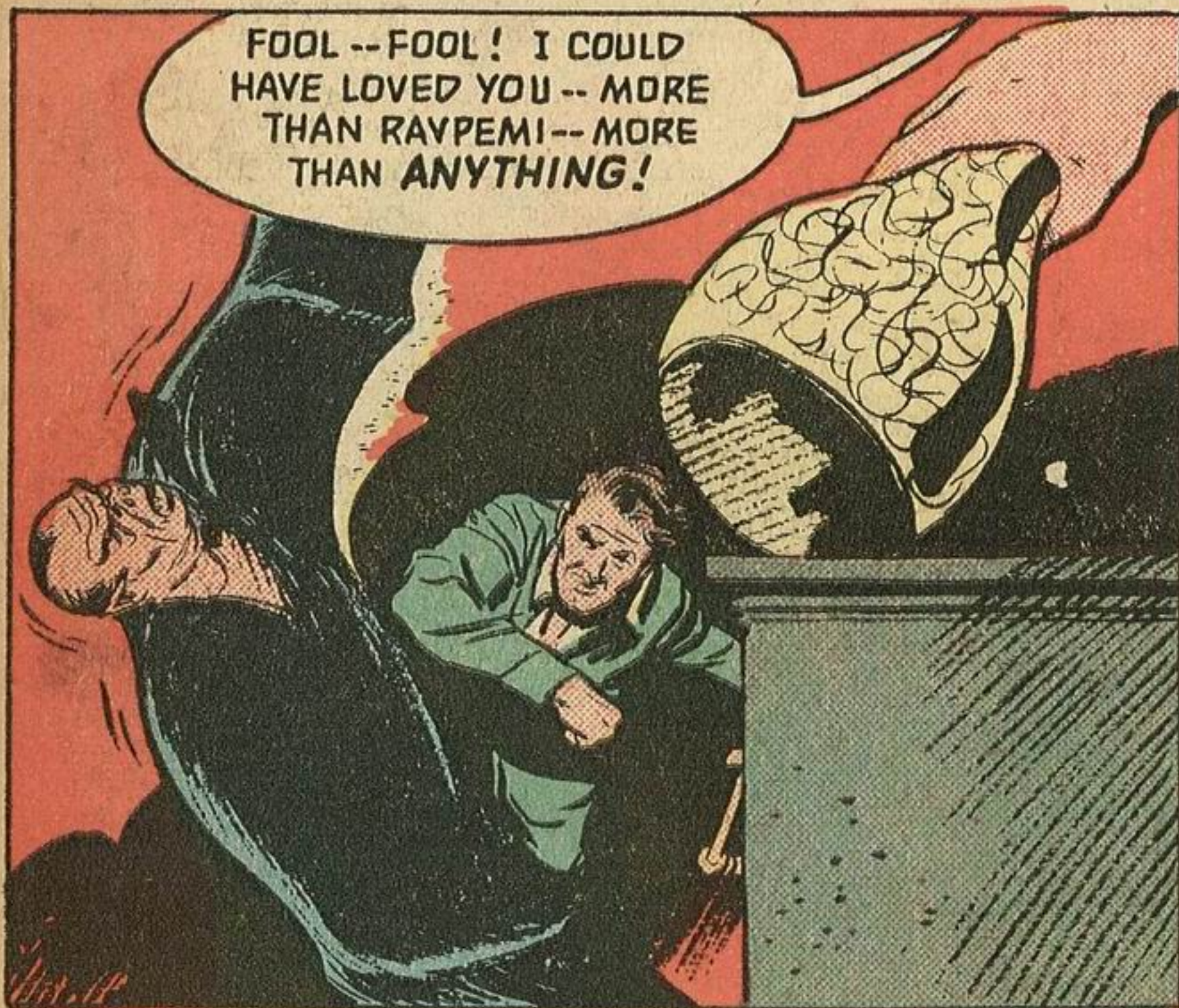
YOU'RE RIGHT, ZARA!
HEAR THAT DRONING
NOISE? IT'S A PLANE--
A BOMBER!

YOU'RE READY TO DIE,
TOO, EH -- AS LONG AS
WE PERISH WHEN THE
BOMB HITS! BUT SUPPOSE
YOU DIE **BEFORE** YOU CAN
INSTRUCT HER ON HOW TO DROP
THE BOMB -- SUPPOSE YOU
DIE **NOW** -- WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO HER?

*Dodging Ravpemi's swoop-- Bill marshals
his waning strength for a desperate
counter attack!*



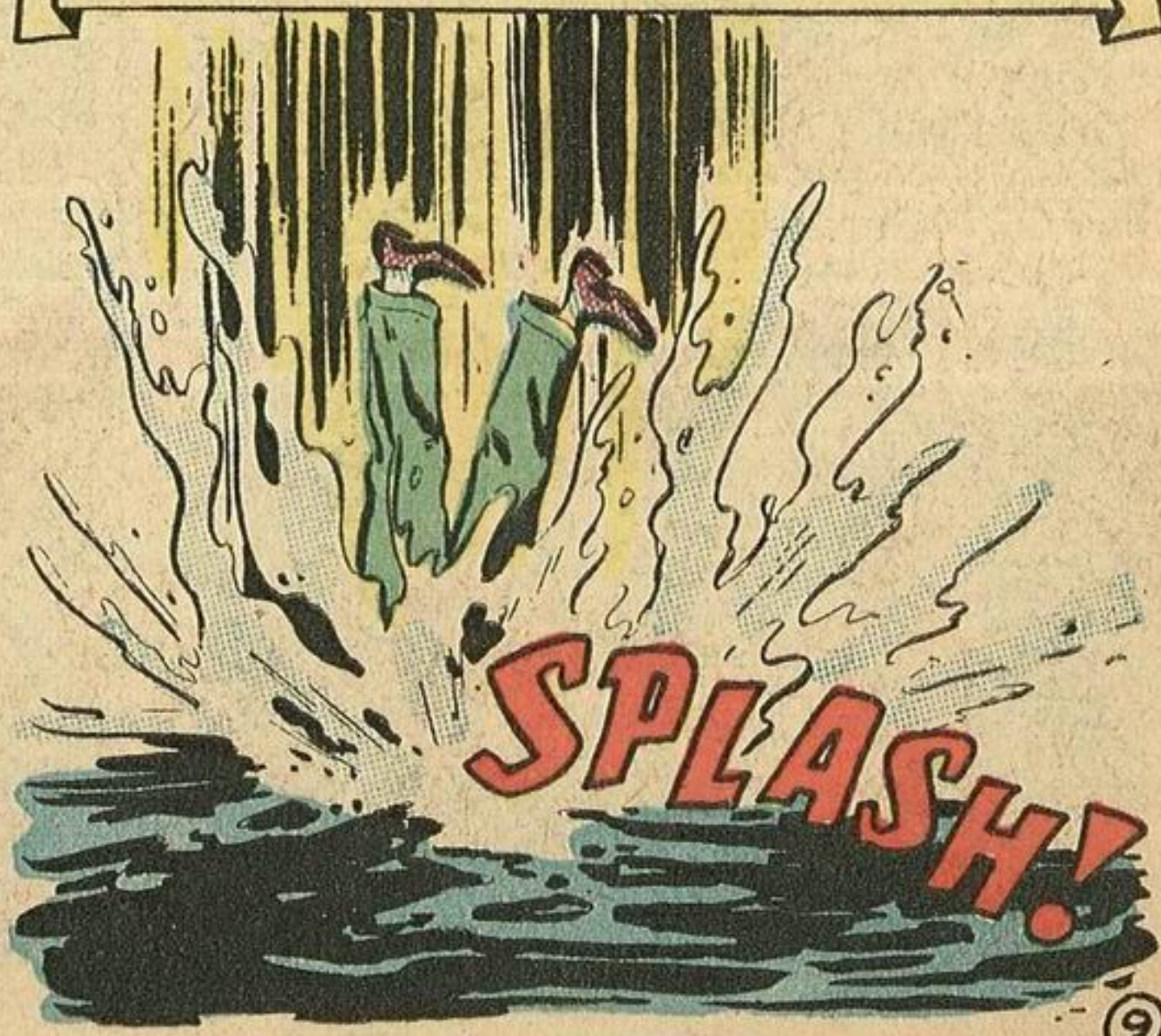
FOOL -- FOOL! I COULD
HAVE LOVED YOU -- MORE
THAN RAVPEMI-- MORE
THAN **ANYTHING!**



PERHAPS **THIS** IS THE
BEST WAY! I MIGHT
SHARE A VICTIM--
BUT NOT A
RIVAL!



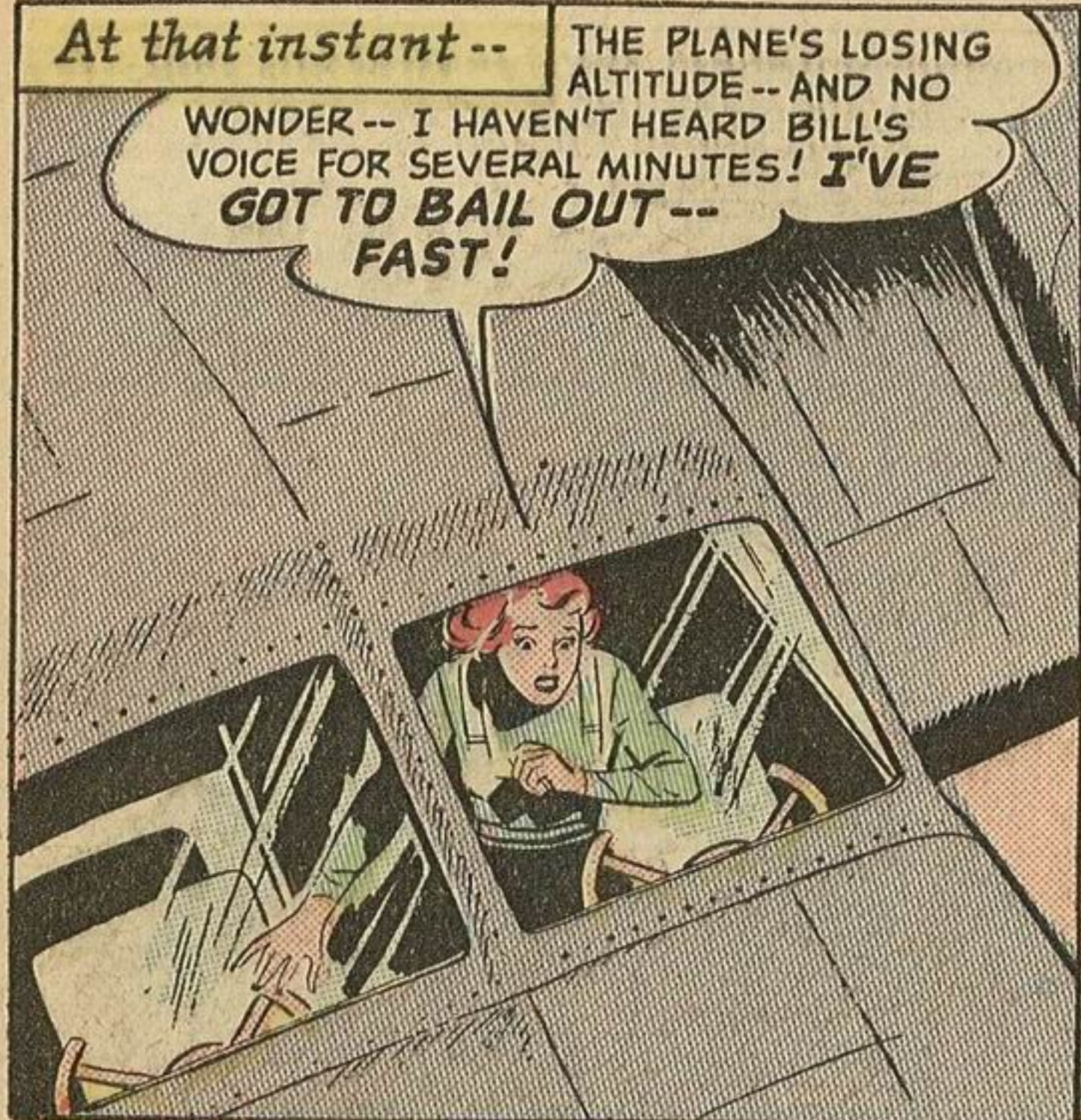
*For several agonized seconds, Bill's
battered form hurtles down --
and **THEN** --*



At that instant --

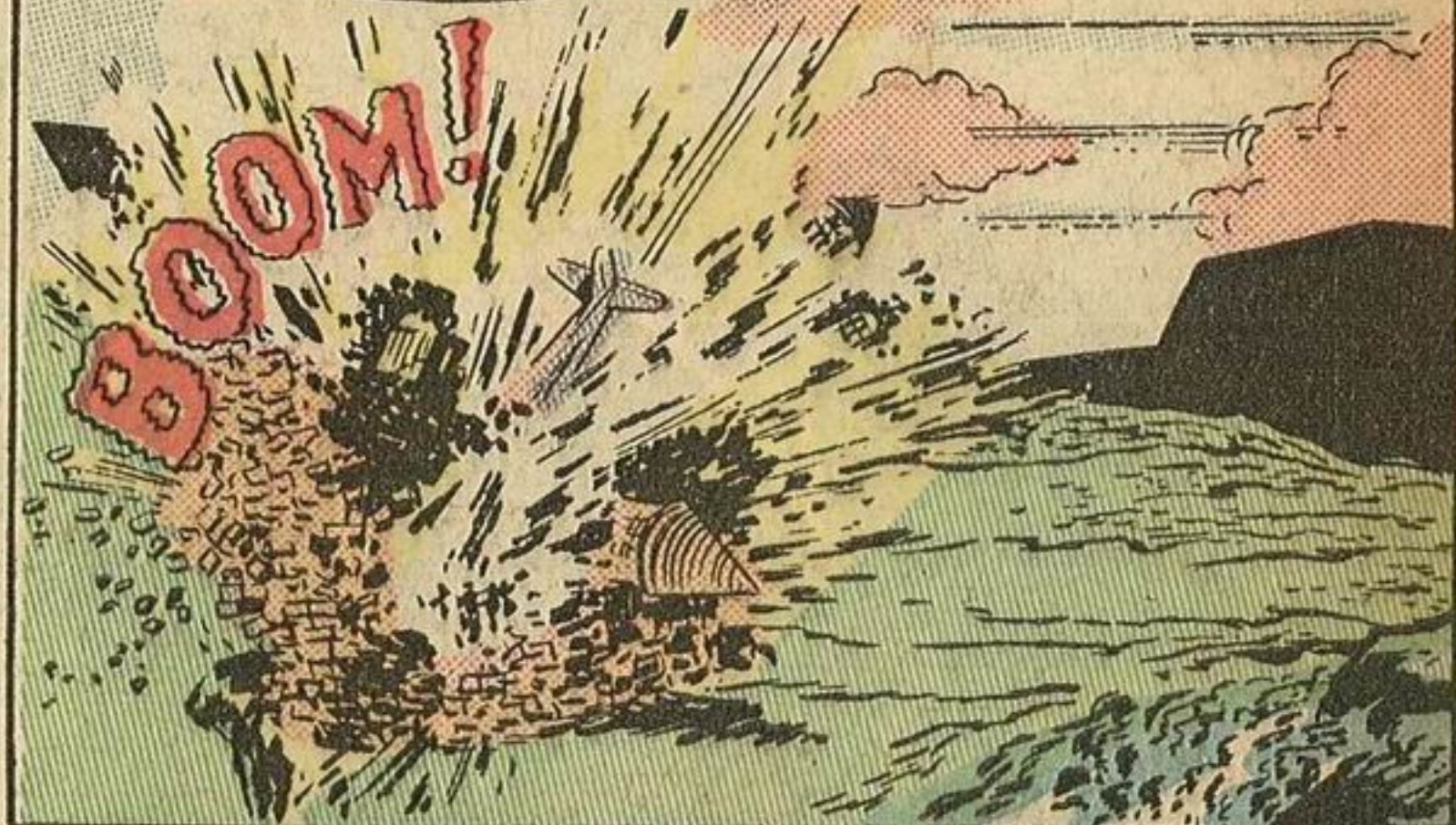
THE PLANE'S LOSING ALTITUDE -- AND NO

WONDER -- I HAVEN'T HEARD BILL'S VOICE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES! **I'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT -- FAST!**



As Gail's parachute billows open --

BILL COULDN'T HAVE DIRECTED THE BOMBER -- AND I CERTAINLY DIDN'T! NOW I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING BIGGER THAN EITHER OF US -- **WORKING ON OUR SIDE!** IT BROUGHT BILL AND ME TOGETHER -- **AND HE'S GOING TO BE SAFE!**



THIS TIME IT'S NOT A VISION -- IT'S NOT A DREAM -- **IT'S BILL!**



BABY!



IT'S A MIRACLE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, DARLING -- BUT SUPPOSE ZARA AND RAVPEMI MANAGED TO ESCAPE, TOO?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE, GAIL -- LET'S LOOK!

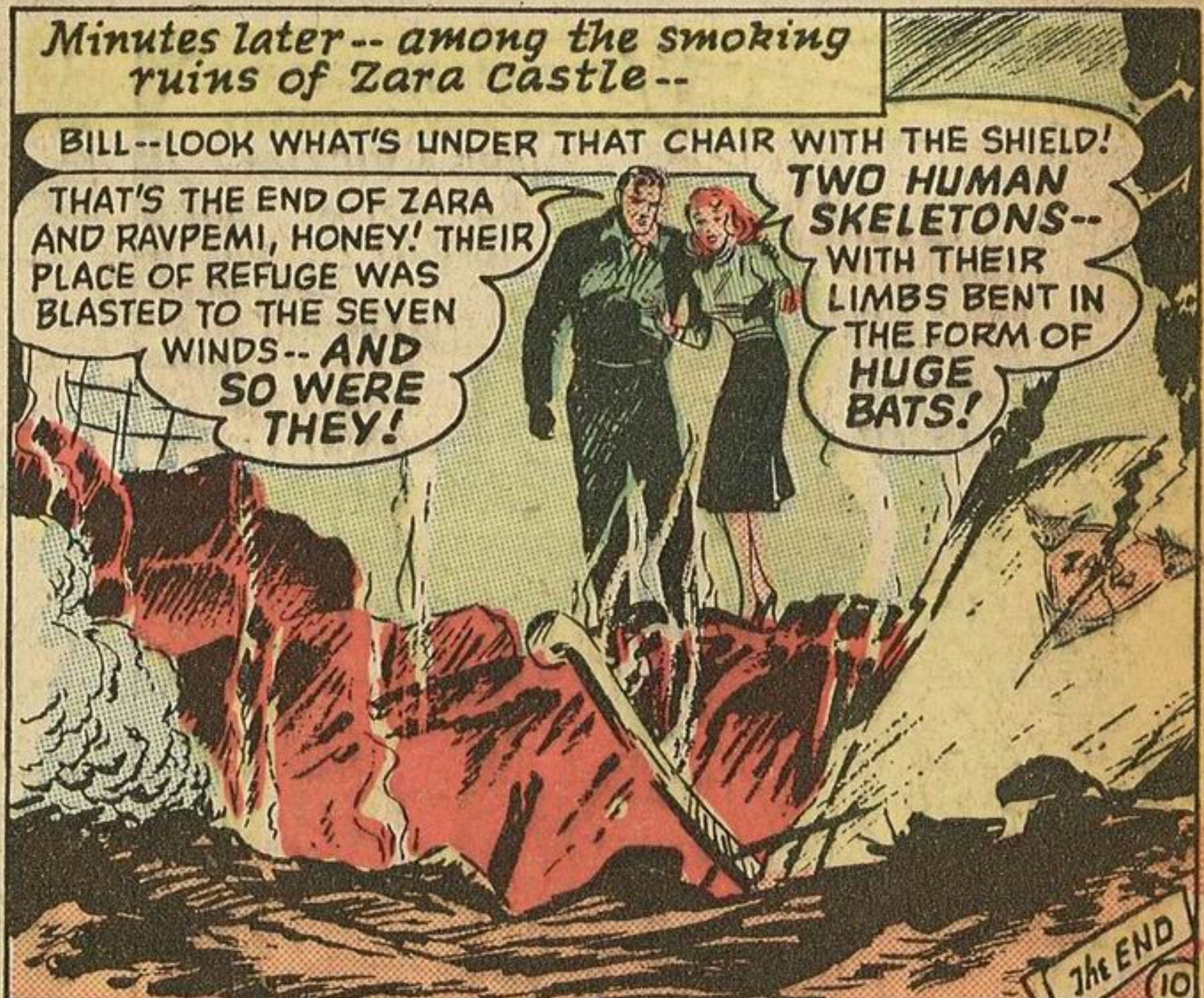


Minutes later -- among the smoking ruins of Zara Castle --

BILL -- LOOK WHAT'S UNDER THAT CHAIR WITH THE SHIELD!

THAT'S THE END OF ZARA AND RAVPEMI, HONEY! THEIR PLACE OF REFUGE WAS BLASTED TO THE SEVEN WINDS -- **AND SO WERE THEY!**

TWO HUMAN SKELETONS -- WITH THEIR LIMBS BENT IN THE FORM OF **HUGE BATS!**

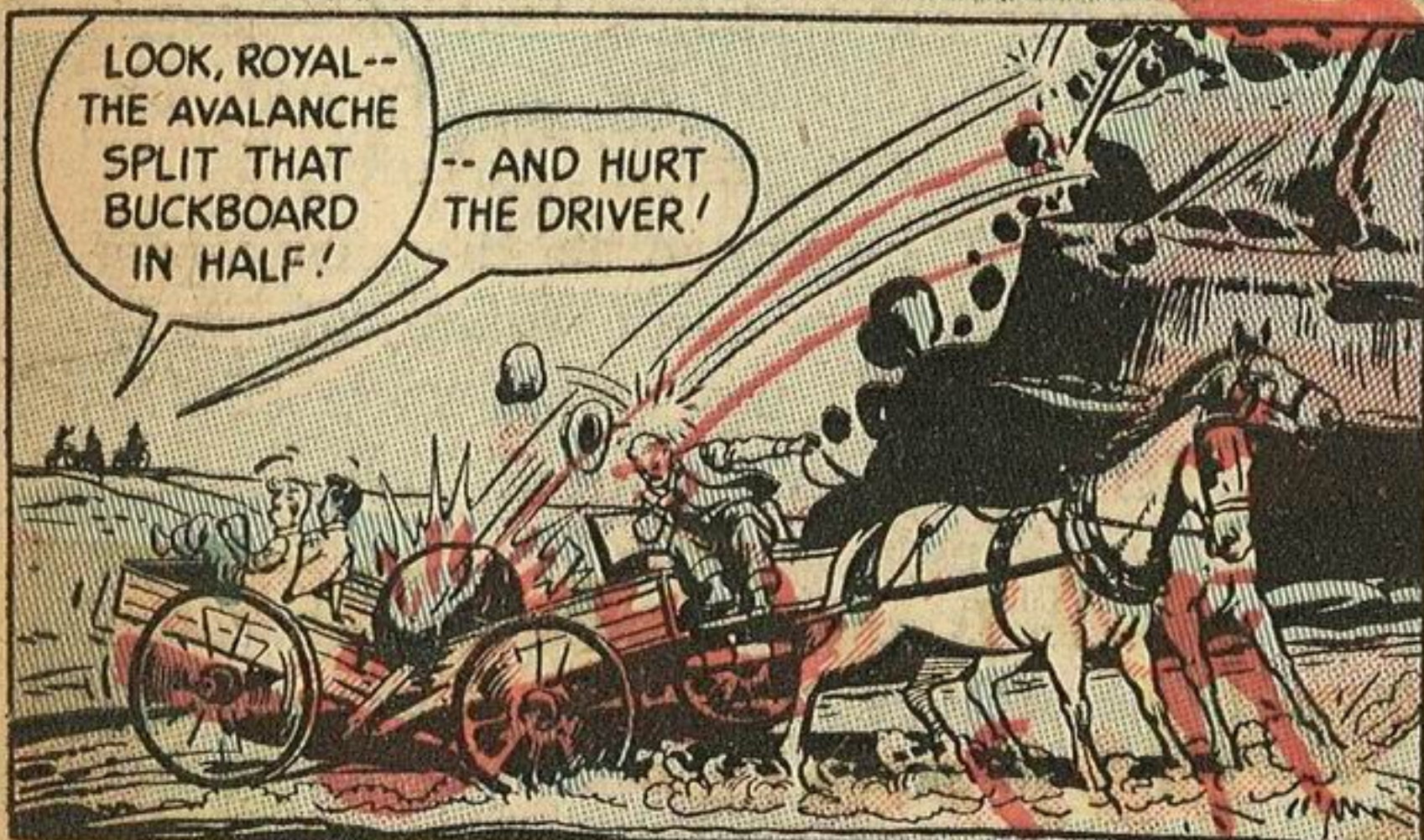


U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**BEATING THE
BROKEN
BUCKBOARD!**



LOOK, ROYAL--
THE AVALANCHE
SPLIT THAT
BUCKBOARD
IN HALF!

-- AND HURT
THE DRIVER!



YOU BOYS CATCH UP WITH
THAT REAR SECTION, WHILE
I GO AFTER THE
FRONT HALF!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF
AFTER THE FRIGHTENED
HORSES--



AND SOON--



WHOA THERE,
FELLAS--WHOA!

MEANWHILE, AFTER A DANGEROUS
DOWNHILL RACE, THE BIKE CLUB BOYS
BRING THEIR HALF OF THE ADVENTURE
TO A STOP!



LATER...

YOUR FAST ACTION
SAVED OUR LIVES! SAY,
ALL THAT SPEED MUST
BE PRETTY TOUGH ON
YOUR BIKE TIRES!

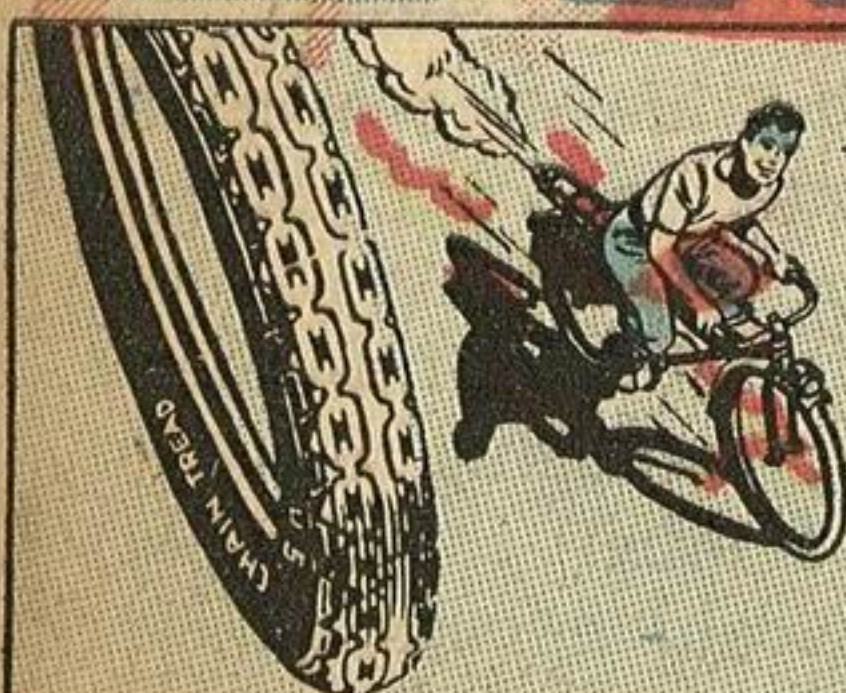
THAT'S WHY WE ALWAYS
INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES! THEY'RE
REALLY RUGGED--AND
READY FOR ANY
EMERGENCY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL. FOR REAL CONTROL
AT TOP SPEED, INSIST ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN!



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"
... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE
AND PERFECT CONTROL... AND
MORE MILEAGE, TOO! WHY NOT
TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

STONE

COLD

ALL evening long, Rod Foster had been fingering the gun in his pocket—and casing the joint—and he knew he'd soon be making his biggest haul of the month.

"Cripes," he thought, "there must be at least a couple o' thousand in that old professor's safe in back! His show's the biggest attraction on the midway—the crowds ain't stopped pourin' in fer a minute all night—an' at a buck a head—*WHEW!* I'll be able to go on a binge fer a month!"

Finally, when all the lights of the midway began to be turned down, Rod pulled the collar of his coat up to cover part of his face, took a fresh grip on his gun, and pushed open the door of Professor Maxwell's Wax Museum—Admission—One Dollar.

The little old man inside paused in the act of covering up a dummy with a white shroud as Rod stalked in. "Sorry," the old man said. "Closed for the night—the next show will be tomorrow morn—"

The professor broke off suddenly and gasped as he saw the gun in Rod's hand. "Cut the gab," Rod snarled. "Just take me to your safe an' open it—if you know what's good fer you!"

"N . . . no," stammered the professor, his face pale with fear, "you must not go to my safe—OWWW!"

Rod grinned maliciously as the little old man went down under the force of his blow, and grinned even more as the professor gasped out, "D . . . don't—I . . . I'll show you the safe!"

Following closely behind the professor as he stumbled down the long corridor of ghostly statues, Rod repressed an involuntary shudder. "Them statues gimme the creeps," he muttered. "They all look so *alive*, so—OOOPS!"

Rod went sprawling as he tripped over the outstretched foot of a statuesque figure, and he hastily put out his hands to regain his balance.

"Hey!" he called to the professor. "These statues ain't made of *wax!* They're hard, and cold—*stone cold!*"

The professor paused and looked back. "Yes, I must admit that my sign outside is a bit fraudulent—because these statues *are* made of stone. But I had to say it's a *wax* museum—because no one would come to a *stone* museum. Nor would anyone believe me if I were to tell them that all these figures were once actually *human beings*—who were turned to stone by looking at the head of *Medusa*, which I found in a secret grotto in the ancient Greek city of Argos! Of course, you remember the ancient Greek myth that all those who gazed upon Medusa's horrible head were instantly turned to stone—luckily, I first saw its reflection in a mirror in the grotto, so—"

"Shut up—*SHUT UP!*" shouted Rod. "Your gabbin' is gettin' on my nerves—this whole place gives me the willies! Show me where that safe is fast, or I'll—"

"It's right over there," Prof. Maxwell said coldly. "The safe door isn't locked—and everything you're looking for is inside."

In two strides, Rod was at the safe. He yanked the door open—and a small, stifled gasp escaped him.

Carefully keeping his eyes averted from the safe's interior, Prof. Maxwell shut the door of the safe—and began tugging and straining at the new stone statue, finally managing to move it into the row of other remarkably life-like, but stone-cold figures on exhibition.

SOLD to SATAN

WELL, THAT'S IT, DAN! YOUR STEPFATHER, KARL SCHICK, HAS LEFT YOU **GREYSTONE**, HIS OLD MANSION ON THE HUDSON... WITH THE STIPULATIONS THAT I, AS HIS ATTORNEY, JUST READ TO YOU!

UH-HUH... I'M TO MOVE IN IMMEDIATELY AND ALLOW OLD FRED ADAMS, THE CARETAKER, TO REMAIN ON! OKAY, JERRY... BUT I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I INHERIT THE PROPERTY! MY STEPFATHER **HATED ME!**



I GUESS IT'S THE LUCK OF THE DILLONS, EH? I'LL GET UP THERE RIGHT NOW, AND START **ENJOYING** MY INHERITANCE!

BEST WISHES, PAL... AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

BUT WITHIN TWO DAYS... AN OMINOUS MESSAGE!

WHA... IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S SO HEALTHY... SO **YOUNG!** WHAT CAN HE BE DYING OF?

MR. WHITE? BETTER GET UP TO GREYSTONE RIGHT AWAY! YOUR FRIEND DAN DILLON IS **DYING!**



THAT'S WHAT WE STATE POLICE WANT TO KNOW... BECAUSE BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT LOOKS LIKE **OLD AGE!** HE'LL ONLY SPEAK TO YOU... **SO GET UP HERE ON THE DOUBLE, WHILE HE'S STILL ALIVE!**



AND SO...

I'M JERRY WHITE... I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD! WHERE'S MR. DILLON?

YOU DIDN'T ARRIVE A SECOND TOO SOON, MR. WHITE! HE'S IN HERE... **AND HE'S GOING FAST!**



INSIDE THE ROOM... A STARTLING REVELATION! SO LATELY A YOUNG, HEALTHY MAN... AND **NOW...**

THANK... GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! I'M... DYING, JERRY... OF... **OLD AGE!** THIS EVIL PLACE... PROMISE YOU'LL... **BURN IT WHEN I'M GONE!**

OH, DAN, DAN... I'LL DO IT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT! BUT FOR GOSH SAKES... **WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?**



"YES... MY STORY... I... I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU THAT! IT... IT WAS ONLY TWO DAYS AGO THAT I GOT HERE... OLD FRED, THE CARETAKER, MET ME..."

WELCOME, MR. DILLON... **WELCOME!** AH, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO GREET YOU!

FUNNY... THOSE CLOTHES OF HIS SEEM **CENTURIES OLD!** MUST BE SOME KIND OF CRACKPOT... BUT I GUESS HE'S HARMLESS ENOUGH!



"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED... WARNED BY THE STRANGE, GREEDY MANNER IN WHICH HE LOOKED AT ME!"

NICE DINNER, FRED! HOW ABOUT SHOWING ME TO MY ROOM NOW?

AH, YES... YOU'LL NEED SLEEP! YOU'VE GOT TO BE STRONG... AND **HEALTHY! HA-HA!**



THIS OLD, SHADOWY PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS... AND HE'S NOT MUCH BETTER! THERE'S SOMETHING **EVIL** IN THE VERY ATMOSPHERE HERE! I... I HOPE I'M IMAGINING IT ALL!



ALONE AT LAST, THANK
GOODNESS!... SAY! THAT
SOUND... IT... IT'S ALMOST
AS IF **SOMEONE'S**
LOCKING THE
DOOR!



HOLY HANNAH... IT **IS**
LOCKED! AND THAT
SOUND FROM THE
OTHER SIDE... LIKE
A DEMONIAC
CHUCKLE! BUT
WHO...



HE'S SHUFFLING OFF DOWN THE HALL
NOW... BUT I'M A **PRISONER!** THERE'S
SOMETHING DEVILISH, UNNATURAL ABOUT
ALL THIS... I'M BETTING IT'S A TRAP
MY LOVELY **STEPFATHER**
LAID FOR ME! I'VE GOT TO
ESCAPE, BUT HOW... **THAT**
WINDOW!



"**KNEELING**
I PEERED THROUGH
THE KEY-HOLE--
THEN RECOILED IN
HORROR! FOR
THERE, ON THE
OTHER SIDE,
WAS OLD FRED
ADAMS! ON
HIS FACE WAS
EVIL INCARNATE,
AND FROM HIS
LIPS PROJECTED
...THE
FORKED
TONGUE
OF A
SERPENT!"



IT'S USELESS... THERE'S NO WAY OF
GETTING OUT... UNLESS... UNLESS
I TRY WALKING THAT NARROW LEDGE
TO ANOTHER WINDOW! I'LL TRY IT...
BUT IT'S SUICIDE IF I
SLIP!



"**IT** WAS THEN THAT
I REELED UNDER THE
IMPACT OF A GRISLY
SIGHT!"



"AND IN ANSWER TO THE DREAD SUMMONS... A DREAD HOST!"



IF...IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES... **BUT I KNOW IT FOR WHAT IT IS!** THOSE AWFUL CREATURES FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN**...THEY'D ONLY COME TO THE CALL OF **SATAN HIMSELF!**



THERE...**I MADE IT!** NOW IF I CAN ONLY SNEAK DOWNSTAIRS AND GET TO THE DOOR...



YOU SUMMONED US, MASTER! WE OBEY!

A GREAT CEREMONY IS TO TAKE PLACE...AND IT IS FITTING THAT **YOU**, MY LEGIONS, ATTEND! **FOLLOW ME!**



MY FOLLOWERS, YOU KNOW THAT I CAN NOT LINGER LONG ON EARTH WITHOUT A **MORTAL BODY** TO INHABIT! THIS ONE THAT I HAVE OCCUPIED THESE MANY YEARS GROWS OLD AND USELESS! THEREFORE THIS CEREMONY... **FOR I, YOUR MASTER, AM ABOUT TO ENTER A NEW BODY!**



"A BLINDING FLASH...AND FROM OUT OF THE AGED FRAME OF FRED ADAMS THERE APPEARED... SATAN!"

IT HAD BEEN MY PLAN TO TAKE THE BODY OF KARL SCHICK, OWNER OF THIS HOUSE! I GAVE HIM RICHES AND POWER IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS BODY AND SOUL...BUT WHEN THE TIME CAME, HE BEGGED FOR MERCY, AND SUGGESTED A **COMPROMISE!**

HA! AND YOU RE- FUSED TO COMPROMISE, EH, MASTER?



REFUSED? NO! WHAT HE OFFERED WAS OF FAR MORE GOOD TO ME THAN **HIS** WEAK BODY! I FREED HIM WHEN HE AGREED TO DELIVER A YOUNGER, STRONGER BODY... **THAT OF HIS STEPSON!**

YOU MEAN...?

YES... **DAN DILLON**, WHO IS EVEN NOW A PRISONER IN A ROOM ABOVE! I SHALL ROAM THE EARTH IN **HIS** LIKENESS, SPREADING TERROR AND EVIL IN MY WAKE!

SO **THAT'S** WHY MY GENEROUS STEPFATHER LEFT ME THIS AWFUL HOUSE! WHILE THEY'RE INTENT ON GLOATING OVER WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO ME, I'LL SLIP OUT---

"**B**UT AS I TURNED TO FLEE..."

FOOLISH MORTAL! DID YOU THINK TO ESCAPE ME?

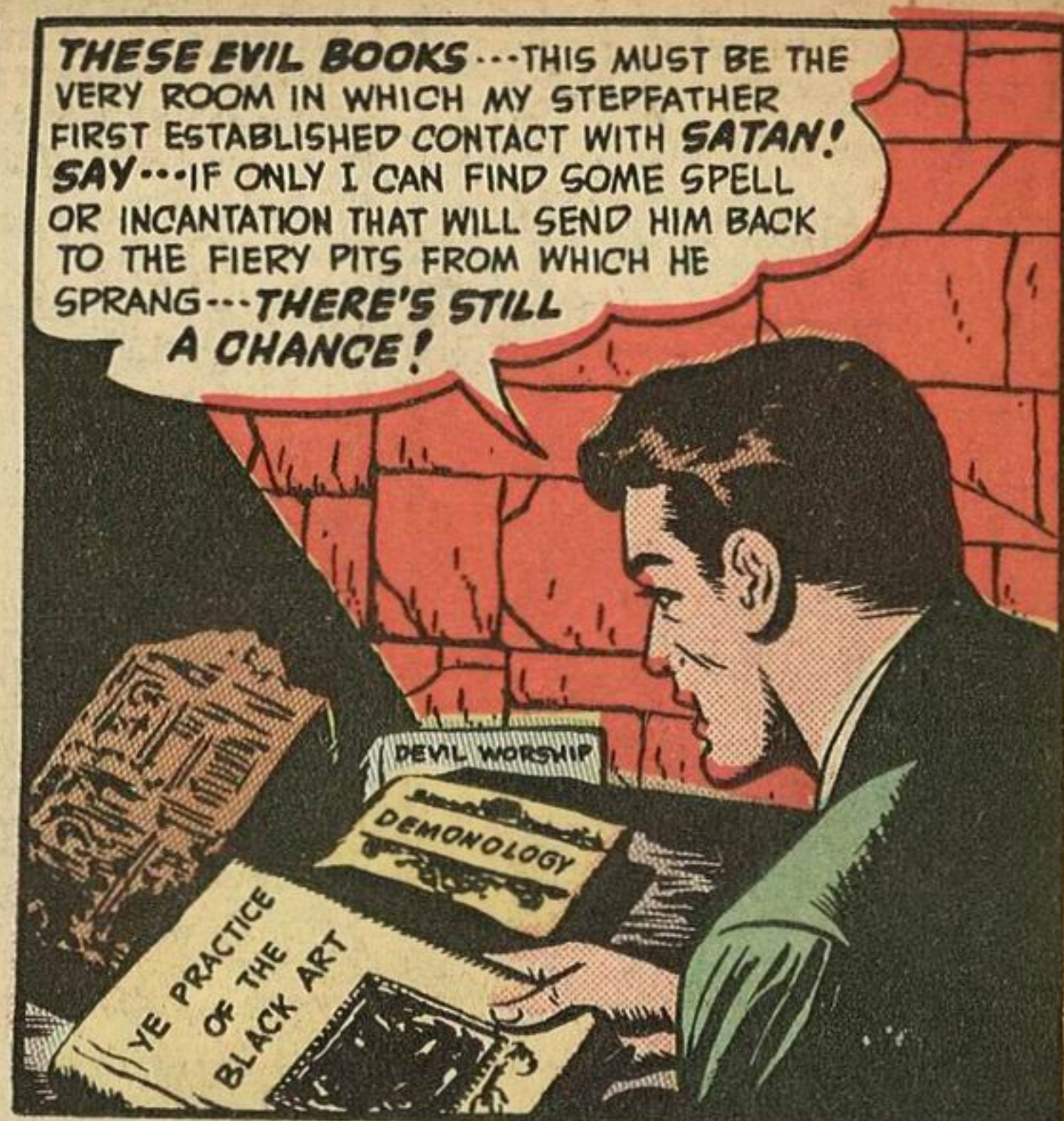
THAT SWORD! I'LL GRAB IT... CATCH HIM BY SURPRISE...

TAKE THAT, YOU ... OH, GOOD GOSH, IT'S **MELTING!** THERE'S **NOTHING** THAT CAN STOP HIM!

I'VE GOT TO RUN... **RUN!** M-MAYBE I CAN **STILL** ELUDE HIM!

"**B**EHIND ME, THE CRACKLING OF FLAMES SPELLED THE END OF THE DOOR I'D LOCKED BEHIND ME! UP, UP I RAN... TO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE OLD HOUSE!"

HE... HE'LL BE AFTER ME IN A SECOND! ISN'T THERE **ANY** REFUGE IN THIS HORRIBLE PLACE?





HIS TOUCH---IT'S
---ROBBED ME OF
STRENGTH, YOUTH---



THIS---STONE! SOMEHOW IT DOOMED
HIM TO RETURN TO THE WORLD
BENEATH AND SAVED ME---**BUT**
FOR WHAT? I'M OLD NOW
---AGES OLD!



THAT'S---MY STORY,
JERRY! THE DEVIL
DISAPPEARED---AND
HIS GHOULS WITH
HIM! BUT THIS HOUSE
---IT'S **ACCURSED!**
BURN IT---BURN---

HE'S---
GONE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER---

I JUST DROPPED BY
TO SEE IF YOU WERE ABLE
TO IDENTIFY THE SHATTERED
STONE TABLET THAT I LEFT
HERE A FEW DAYS AGO,
PROFESSOR!

AH, MR. WHITE! THE
UNIVERSITY WILL NEVER
BE ABLE TO THANK YOU
ENOUGH FOR THAT
ANCIENT RELIC!
IT'S **PRICELESS!**



WE'VE PIECED IT TOGETHER---IT'S OVER FIFTY CENTURIES
OLD AND IS INSCRIBED IN ASTYPARAEAN! NOT OVER TEN
PEOPLE IN THE WORLD COULD EVEN HAVE IDENTIFIED
IT, LET ALONE **TRANSLATE** IT! BUT FORTUNATELY,
ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE IS ON
OUR FACULTY HERE!



THE TRANSLATION,
PROFESSOR--WHAT
IS IT? **I'VE GOT
TO KNOW!**

HERE IT IS, AS SIMPLY AS
POSSIBLE! "**HE WHO
BREAKS THIS STONE
BREAKS SATAN'S
MORTAL TIE!**"---IN
OTHER WORDS, IF SATAN
HAPPENED TO BE ROAMING
THE EARTH IN MAN'S SHAPE
WHEN THE TABLET WAS
BROKEN, HE'D BE THROWN
BACK INTO THE BEGINNING
OF TIME ITSELF!



THANKS---I GUESS THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!
INCIDENTALLY, MIND IF I TAKE A PIECE OF IT ALONG?
JUST IN CASE THE DEVIL EVER REGAINS HIS POWER
AND CALLS ON **ME---I'D LIKE TO BE
PROTECTED!**

**THE
END!**



HELLO, all you fans and friends of *"Adventures Into The Unknown!"* It's time for our midnight conclave again—for spirits are abroad, and the wild wind whispers of strange beings, strange happenings! Yes, there are stranger things in this world than the mind of man can readily conceive or accept—and they're the things that we're striving to bring to the pages of this magazine. Editors, research men, writers, artists—we've all teamed together to bring you, our favorite readers, entertainment that's *really* out of this world! Phantoms, vampires, werewolves—all in thrilling array—all for *your* delectation! No, we're not trying to say that they *really* exist, but what a challenge to the imagination—and what fun to read about!

Once again, *you've* been our guest editors for this issue—and an exciting galaxy of hit headline features mirrors the type of stories *you've* asked for. There's *"Vampire Vision,"* a breathless, pulse-quickenning yarn that'll keep you gasping—and *"Diary of Doom,"* a new type of werewolf story destined to make history in the annals of weird fiction. Not to mention *"Sold to Satan,"* a thriller you'll never forget—*"Spirit of Frankenstein,"* back for another chilling episode—and a star-studded lineup of other gripping spellbinders!

Remember that *your* letters will be our guide for the contents of future issues! And, in keeping with our custom, let's reach into our overflowing mail-bag—and see what some of your friends have to say! *Here goes!*

"Dear Editor:—

I am a great mystery fan, and I think your stories are the finest, most exciting I've ever read! I'm very interested in old superstitions and beliefs, and *'Adventures Into The Unknown'* is the only comic that has ever succeeded in putting these ideas into story and picture form, for everyone to read and enjoy. Another reason your magazine is so excellent is that you blend old superstitions and imagination, and the result is miraculous! My favorite stories have been *'Vampire Castle,' 'Bat By Night,' 'Condemned to Live'* and *'The Mummy's Cloth.'* I am especially interested in Vampires, and I hope you will publish many more Vampire stories as super as those you've published in former issues. I'll be looking forward to the next and every issue! Your faithful reader,

—Delton L. Hudson, Casper, Wyoming."

Thanks, Delton—you'll like "Vampire Vision"—this issue!

"Dear Editor:—

I have been a loyal reader of your wonderful magazine for many months, and I think that the stories are getting better all the time—but why don't you print more stories about *werewolves*? I have always been interested in the legend of the werewolf, and I would like to see some stories about it. I shall be an ardent fan for many years after this letter is written, and am enclosing \$1.20 for a year's subscription to that swell magazine, *'Adventures Into The Unknown.'*

—Rosalie Rubenstein, Bronx, New York."

You're psychic, Rosalie! How did you know we were running "Diary of Doom"?

"Dear Editor:—

I do not believe in the supernatural, but I am an ardent fan of your magazine. I think *'Adventures Into The Unknown'* is super, but I have one complaint. I think you should continue your stories about *'the Living Ghost.'* The first story you published about it was one of the best I've ever read. And I certainly agree with David Roggensack about having more stories about reincarnation. But keep up the good work! A faithful reader,

—Donna Siebler, Scottsbluff, Nebraska."

Comments noted, Donna! We'll see what we can do!

Well—that's that, readers! See you in the next issue! But meanwhile—how's about getting *your* letter telling us what

you like or don't like—and what *you'd* wish to see in future issues of *"Adventures Into The Unknown"?*

WHEN WITCHES WALKED



WITCHES!

...THAT WORD CAN STILL STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF EVEN CIVILIZED PEOPLES... BECAUSE AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES, THE BELIEF IN WITCH-CRAFT IS STILL TOO STRONGLY ROOTED IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND! SO LET'S STRIP ASIDE THE VEIL OF TIME AND PEER INTO THE MISTS THAT SHROUD THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MOORS --- TO VIEW THE EERIE, GHOULISH, DEMONIACAL EVENTS SAID TO OCCUR **WHEN WITCHES WALKED!**

NO ONE WAS CONSIDERED TO BE A TRUE WITCH UNLESS SHE HAD BEEN PERSONALLY VISITED BY SATAN HIMSELF IN ONE OF HIS FORMS! AFTER SHE HAD SWORN OBEDIENCE, IN RETURN FOR RECEIVING HER MAGICAL POWERS, THE WITCH COULD THEN CALL UPON HER "FAMILIAR SPIRIT" AT ANY TIME TO HAVE HER WISHES GRANTED!



THE CHIEF AIM OF BECOMING A WITCH WAS TO ACHIEVE WORLDLY WEALTH BY MAGICAL MEANS! FOR EXAMPLE, DAME ALICE KYTELER OF KILKENNY CONFESSED TO BEING A WITCH IN 1324, AFTER WITNESSES TESTIFIED THEY HAD SEEN HER RAKING THE DIRT OF THE STREETS AT TWILIGHT TOWARDS HER SON'S DOOR --- TO MAKE HIM RICH!

TO THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM, MY SON, HIE ALL THE WEALTH OF KILKENNY TOWN!



SO WELL DID THIS INCANTATION WORK, IT WAS SAID, SO WEALTHY DID SHE AND HER SON BECOME, THAT THE OFFICIALS WERE AFRAID TO PUNISH HER FOR THE CRIME OF WITCHCRAFT!



The MOST DREADED FORM OF HARMFUL MAGIC-MAKING WITHIN THE POWER OF WITCHES WAS, SUPPOSEDLY, **IMAGE-MAKING!** A FIGURE WAS ROUGHLY MADE TO RESEMBLE THE INTENDED VICTIM, NAMED WITH HIS NAME, AND TOUCHED WITH SOMETHING THE VICTIM HAD ONCE TOUCHED... EVEN WITH THE EARTH FROM HIS FOOTPRINT! IF A WAXEN IMAGE WERE MELTED OVER A FIRE, THE VICTIM WOULD LIKewise MOULDER AWAY AND DIE!



MALE WITCHES WERE MERELY CALLED **MAGICIANS**... AND THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF THESE WAS JOHN DE NOTINGHAM, OF COVENTRY! AT MIDNIGHT ON APRIL 27TH, 1324, IT IS SAID, THE MAGICIAN DROVE A SHARP PIECE OF LEAD INTO THE FOREHEAD OF THE IMAGE OF A MAN NAMED RICHARD DE STOWE...



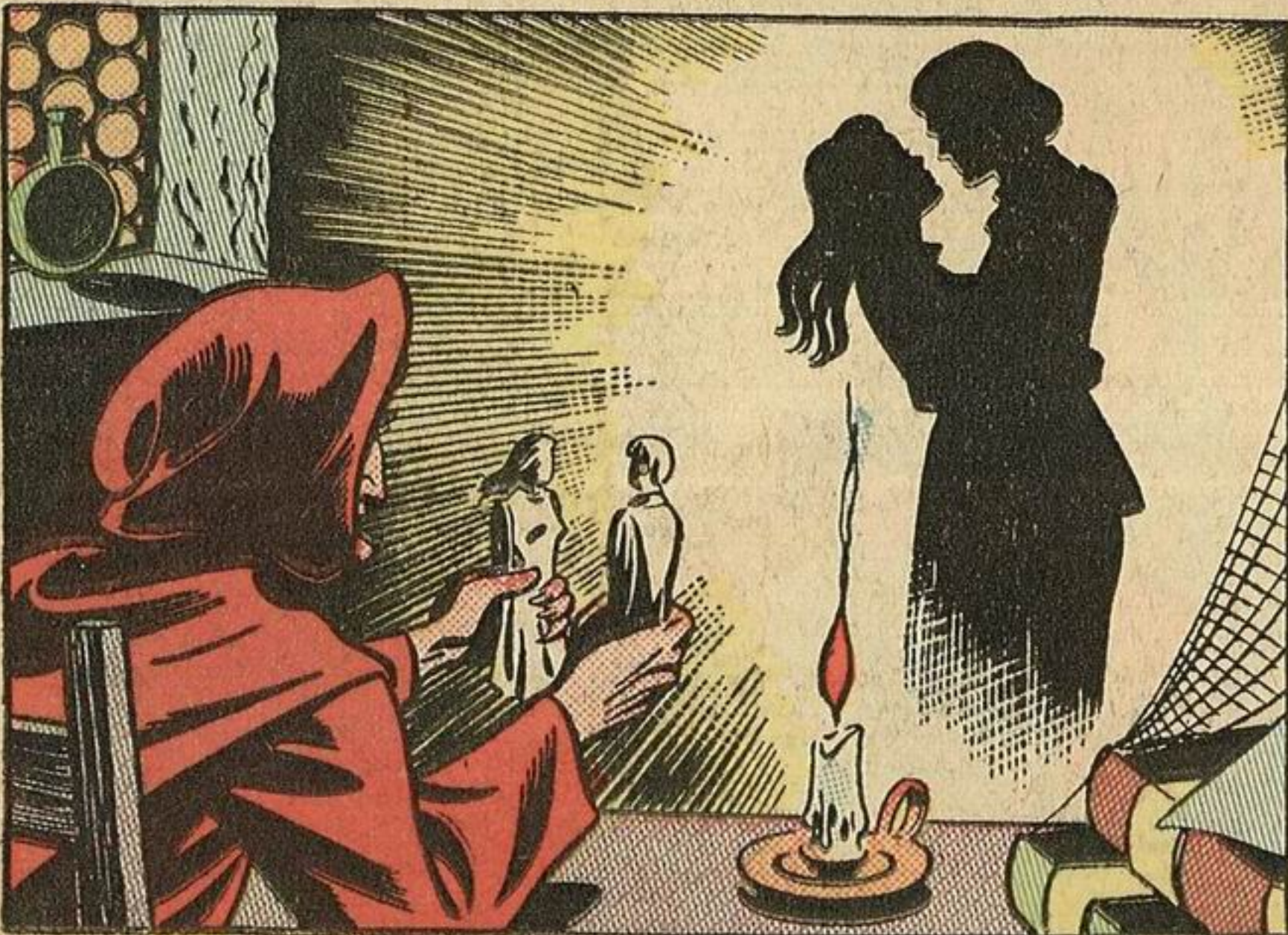
AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, RICHARD DE STOWE WAS SUDDENLY FOUND TO BE STARK, RAVING MAD... CLUTCHING HIS FOREHEAD AS IF DEMENTED BY SOME TORTURING PAIN!



ON MAY 20TH, THE STORY GOES, THE MAGICIAN DROVE THE LEAD INTO THE IMAGE'S HEART... AND RICHARD DE STOWE PROMPTLY DIED... CAUSE UNKNOWN! JOHN DE NOTINGHAM WAS ARRESTED FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER AND WITCHCRAFT... AND HIS CUNNING COULDN'T SAVE HIM FROM DYING IN PRISON THE FOLLOWING YEAR!



HOWEVER, LIKE MOST ANCIENT FORMS OF MAGIC, IT IS SAID IMAGE-MAKING COULD ALSO BE USED FOR **GOOD** PURPOSES! FOR EXAMPLE, IF A MARRIED COUPLE BECAME ESTRANGED, A WITCH COULD RECONCILE THEM BY BINDING THEIR IMAGES TOGETHER!



NOR WERE ALL WITCHES ANCIENT HAGS... FOR SOME WERE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL! THE BEST KNOWN WAS ISOBEL GOWDIE, WHOSE NAME IS STILL REMEMBERED IN MORAYSHIRE... A BEAUTIFUL, RED-HAIRED GIRL WHO CONFESSED TO SOME OF THE MOST TERRIBLE CRIMES OF WITCHCRAFT IN 1662... AND WAS HANGED AND BURNED AT THE WEST PORT OF ELGIN!



ALL WITCHES SUPPOSEDLY POSSESSED "FAMILIAR SPIRITS" WHICH THEY RECEIVED FROM THE DEVIL AND BY WHOSE AID THEY PRACTICED DIVINATION AND MAGIC! THE MOST COMMON FAMILIAR WAS THE **BLACK CAT**... BUT THE SPIRITS COULD APPEAR AS ANYTHING, FROM A MAN TO AN INSECT! INDEED, IT'S SAID THAT ELIZABETH CLARKE---ONE OF THE ESSEX WITCHES---HAD A SPIRIT THAT WAS **REALLY** OUT OF THIS WORLD---A GREYHOUND WITH THE HEAD OF AN OX!



WITCHES AND THEIR FAMILIARS WERE BELIEVED TO HAVE THE POWER OF TURNING THEMSELVES INTO ANIMALS! THE SHAPES THEY TOOK VARIED, BUT THE MOST COMMON ONE WAS THAT OF A HARE---WHICH REQUIRED A RITUALISTIC INCANTATION!

I SHALL GO INTO A HARE WITH SORROW AND SIGHING AND MICKLE CARE, AND I SHALL GO IN THE DEVIL'S NAME TILL I COME HOME AGAIN!



WHEN JULIEN COX WAS TRIED AT TAUNTON IN 1664, ONE OF THE WITNESSES CLAIMED THAT HE STARTED A HARE WHILE OUT HUNTING---AND TO SAVE IT FROM HIS HOUNDS, HE BARELY MANAGED TO GRAB HOLD OF ITS HIND LEGS---

GOT YE!



--- AND THE MOMENT HIS HANDS TOUCHED THE HARE, IT CHANGED INTO JULIEN COX---THE NOTORIOUS WITCH!



ANOTHER FARMER, TROUBLED BY A PERSISTENT HARE HE COULD NEVER CATCH ON HIS FIELDS, TOOK A SHOT AT IT ONE DAY WITH A SILVER BULLET---ONLY TO FIND THAT THE HARE INSTANTLY DISAPPEARED!

IT---IT'S VANISHIN'!



THAT NIGHT, SUSPECTING WHAT HAD HAPPENED, THE FARMER TOOK SOME ACQUAINTANCES TO THE COTTAGE OF LYDDIE SHEARS, WHO LIVED AT WINTER-SLOW---ONLY TO FIND HER DEAD---WITH THE MAGIC BULLET EMBEDDED IN HER HEART!



TODAY, CIVILIZED AND EDUCATED PEOPLES LAUGH AT THESE ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT WITCHCRAFT, AND ONLY CHILDREN BELIEVE THAT WITCHES FLY ABROAD ON BROOMSTICKS ON HALLOWEEN! BUT---WHO KNOWS?

UNCANNY Mysteries...

Case Of The GHOSTLY PASSENGER

YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, HAS OFTEN BEEN THE LOCALE OF MANY STRANGE, UNCANNY MYSTERIES-- BUT NONE MORE EERIE THAN THIS ONE! A CAPTAIN WINTOUR WAS ONCE DRIVING TO GAYNES PARK, AND, WHILE CROSSING A BRIDGE...

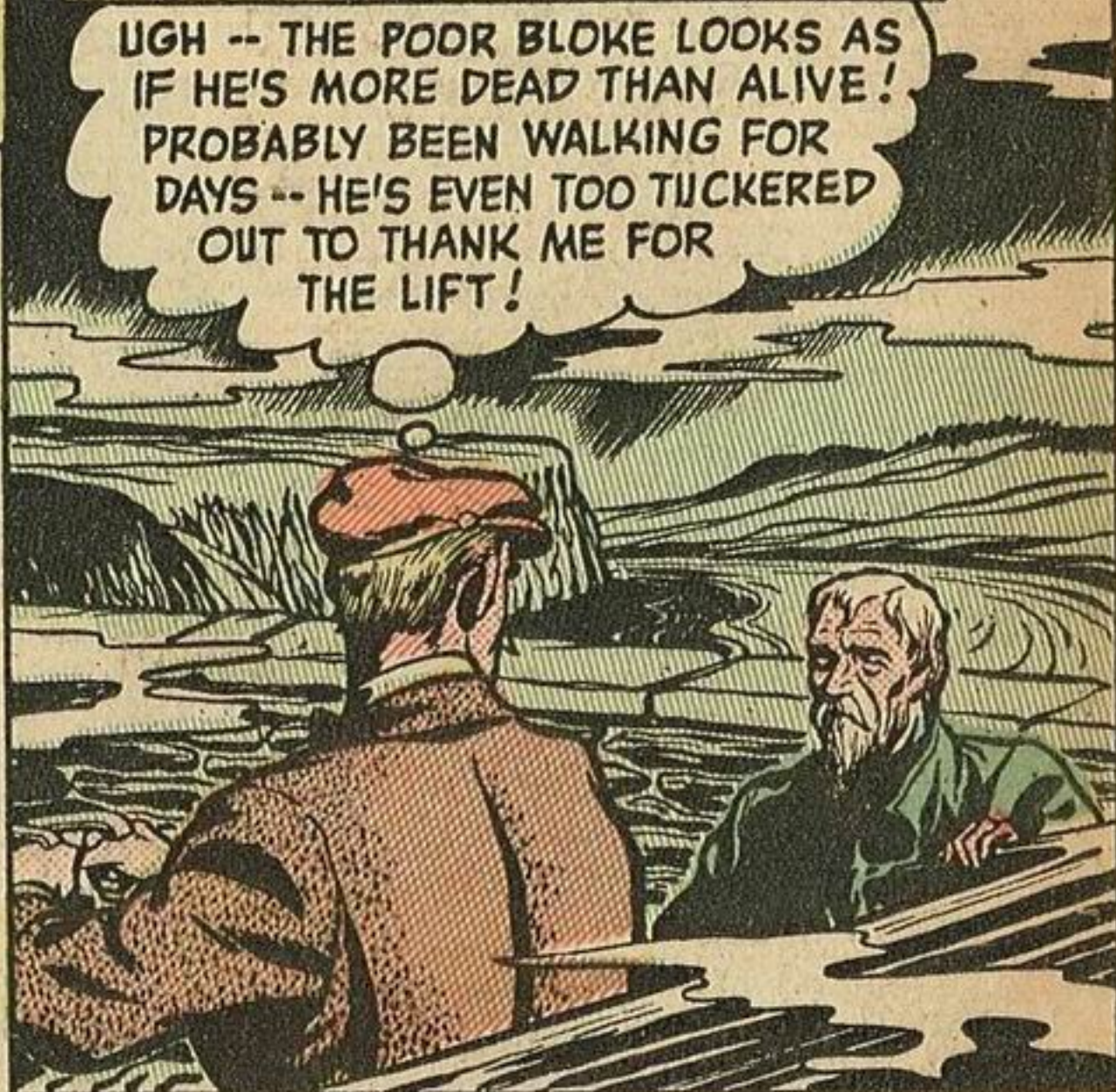
THAT CHAP LOOKS AS IF HE'S BEEN WALKING A LONG WAY -- HE CAN PROBABLY USE A LIFT...

I SAY THERE -- HOP IN, IF YOU'RE GOING MY WAY!



WITHOUT A WORD, THE STRANGER CLIMBED INTO THE CART...

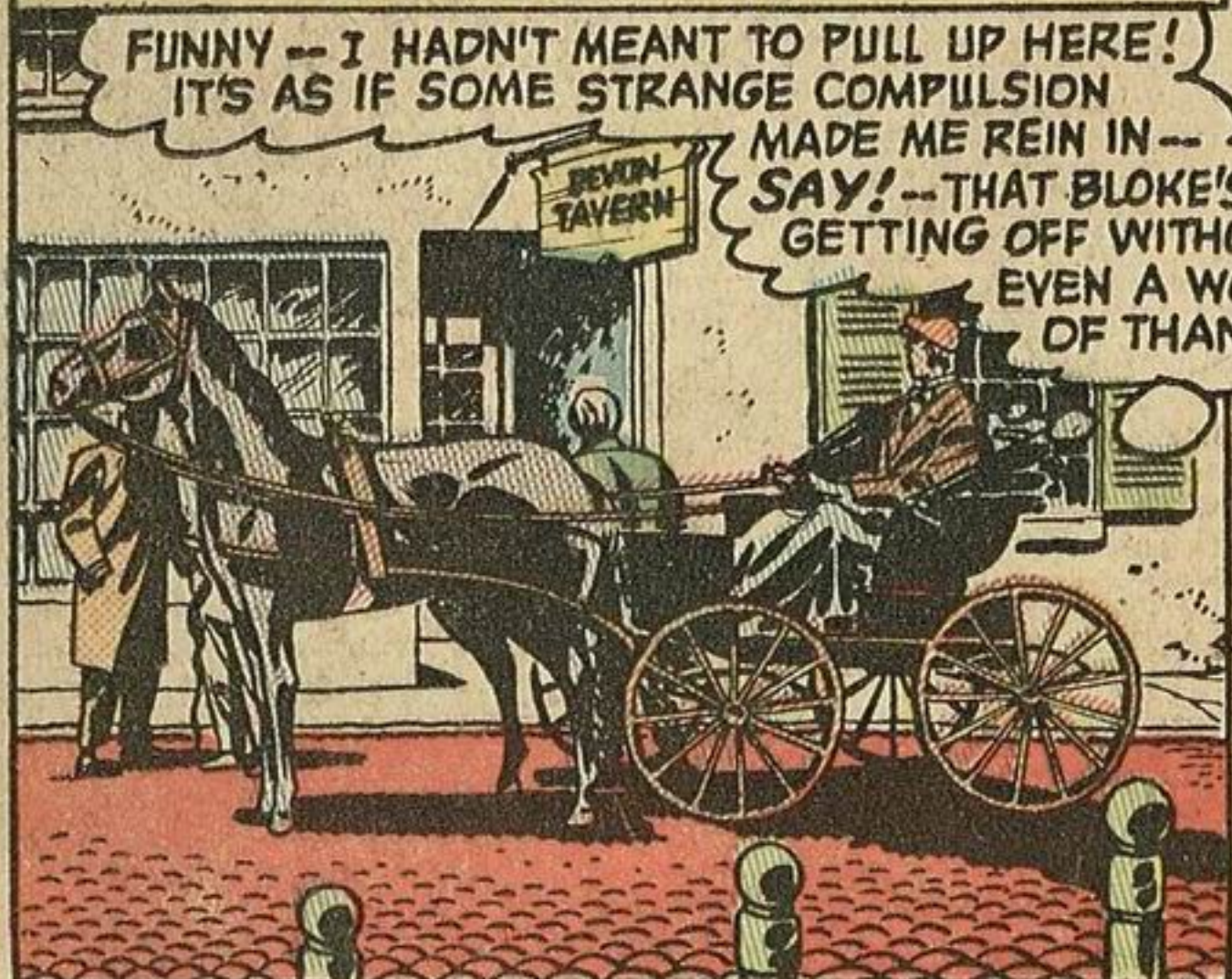
UGH -- THE POOR BLOKE LOOKS AS IF HE'S MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE! PROBABLY BEEN WALKING FOR DAYS -- HE'S EVEN TOO TUCKERED OUT TO THANK ME FOR THE LIFT!



AFTER UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO DRAW THE STRANGER INTO CONVERSATION, THE CAPTAIN FINALLY GAVE UP IN ANNOYANCE -- AND THE TRIP CONTINUED UNEVENTFULLY UNTIL HE CAME TO A VILLAGE INN...

FUNNY -- I HADN'T MEANT TO PULL UP HERE! IT'S AS IF SOME STRANGE COMPULSION MADE ME REIN IN...

SAY! -- THAT BLOKE'S GETTING OFF WITHOUT EVEN A WORD OF THANKS!



WHEN THE TACITURN STRANGER HAD ENTERED THE INN...

I SAY, WHO WAS THAT CHAP I JUST DROVE UP WITH? HE WENT INTO THE INN AS IF HE BELONGED HERE!

WHAT CHAP? YOU DROVE UP ALONE!

AN' NO ONE WALKED INTO THE INN JUST NOW -- WE'D 'AVE SEEN HIM IF 'E 'AD! SURE YE'RE FEELIN' ALL RIGHT, SIR?



PUZZLED, THE CAPTAIN WENT INTO THE INN AND TOLD THE INNKEEPER WHAT HAD HAPPENED...

AND I'M POSITIVE HE CAME IN HERE -- ISN'T THERE A MAN OF THAT DESCRIPTION IN YOUR INN NOW?

AYE, THAT THERE IS -- AN' IF YE'LL FOLLOW ME UPSTAIRS, I'LL SHOW 'IM TO YE!



'TIS MIGHTY STRANGE, SIR -- EVEN FOR YORKSHIRE! ONLY YESTERDAY, A MAN O' THAT DESCRIPTION WAS FOUND DROWNED IN THE STREAM UNDER THAT BRIDGE WHERE YE SAID YE FIRST MET THIS SILENT STRANGER! IN FACT, WE'VE JUST HELD AN INQUEST OVER 'IM --



-- AN' THERE HE LIES -- JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS DEAD!

THE -- THE SAME MAN! I... WAS RIDING WITH A GHOST!



YES, ANOTHER YORKSHIRE MYSTERY -- AND ALL WE CAN DO IS SHRUG OUR SHOULDERS WITH THE WISE YORKSHIRE-MEN WHO ARE USED TO SUCH EERIE OCCURRENCES -- AND PONDER ON THE UNKNOWN!



The HAUNTED CASTLE

ST. DONAT'S CASTLE, GLAMORGANSHIRE, SCOTLAND—
SCENE OF STRANGE PHANTOMS, UNCANNY
APPARITIONS, SUPERNATURAL EVENTS--THE
WEIRDEST SPOT IN ALL ENGLAND!

Jim Strasser

LISTEN -- THE PIANO!
IT'S PLAYING -- **BUT
NOBODY'S
THERE!**

BY GEORGE -- EVEN THE
PIANO KEYS ARE
DEPRESSED -- AND
NO HUMAN HANDS
ARE TOUCHING
THEM!



THE ANCIENT FAMILY PIANO WAS THE FIRST OBJECT
TO GIVE FORTH SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS...

NEXT CAME A HORRIBLE, WITCH-LIKE
HAG, SEEN IN THE ARMORY...



AND NIGHTLY, A LARGE, GLARING
EYE WOULD APPEAR IN ONE OF
THE BEDROOMS OF THE HAUNTED
CASTLE!



FINALLY, A SPECTRAL PANTHER WAS SEEN
REPEATEDLY IN THE CORRIDORS,
TERRIFYING THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD!



IN DESPERATION,
THE MASTER OF THE
CASTLE CONSULTED
A FAMED EXORCIST,
REPUTED TO HAVE
EXTRAORDINARY
POWERS OF CASTING
OUT EVIL SPIRITS!

YOU'VE **GOT** TO HELP
US -- YOU'RE OUR
ONLY HOPE!

HAVE NO
FEAR! SIT IN
THE HALL, WITH
THE FRONT DOOR
WIDE OPEN -- WHILE
I GRAPPLE WITH THE
**POWERS OF
DARKNESS!**



THE LORD OF THE CASTLE DID AS HE WAS TOLD! SOON, A FIERCE
GUST OF WIND SUDDENLY SPRANG UP FROM WITHIN THE



CASTLE, SWEEP
DOWN THE MAIN
STAIRCASE, AND
ALL BUT CARRIED
HIM OUT INTO
THE GARDEN!

FROM THAT DAY
AND HOUR,
THE GHOSTLY
DISTURBANCES
CEASED
COMPLETELY --
FOR THE POWERS
OF DARKNESS
HAD BEEN SWEEP
OUT WITH THAT
WIND FROM OUT
OF THE
UNKNOWN!

THE END



of DEATH

"I FOUND IT—I FOUND IT!"

Andre Visson fairly hopped about with exultation and triumph on the shores of the little pond, acting like a youth of twenty instead of the tired, sickly man of sixty-odd years that he actually was.

Kneeling down, he quickly scooped up a handful of the cool waters at his feet and drank greedily, feeling the strange fiery warmth spread gradually through his body—the body that had been given only one more year of life by the most eminent physicians of France and America.

Ever since that day when the old French explorer had been solemnly warned that his body, worn out by years of arduous explorations in all parts of the globe, ravaged by strange tropical diseases, would soon give out, Andre Visson had vowed that he would prove them wrong. Night and day for three months he had pored over the ancient Indian, Spanish and French maps of the Florida Everglades; for months afterwards he had wandered through the Seminole Indian villages of the dense swamps, listening to all the ancient legends of *Bimini*—the land of the *Fountain of Youth*!

Yes, Ponce de Leon and countless explorers after him had sought in vain for the legendary waters that were said to cure all ills and restore the bather to strength and youth—but their failures hadn't discouraged France's greatest modern explorer, who had all the resources of modern science to help him.

And now, after three more months of back-breaking, spirit-killing explorations in the heart of impenetrable Cypress swamps, treacherous bogs and mangrove thickets where no man had stepped for countless centuries—he'd *found* it!

The moment he'd laid eyes on the little pond with the sparkling fountain

in the center, he'd known this was *it*! But he'd been cautious, coldly scientific at first—until he'd seen the birds he'd caught and flung into the pond suddenly become younger and smaller—until they'd even reverted back to eggs!

But of course, *he* wouldn't let himself revert back to infancy, Andre thought as he hastily and impatiently stripped and waded out into the cool waters of the Fountain of Youth. No, he'd get out at around the age of twenty-five—and then—*OOPS!*

Andre suddenly lost his footing on the smooth, slippery stones at the bottom of the pond and toppled headlong into the still, shallow water.

Crack! The sound of the old French explorer's head striking against a stone that protruded from the surface was drowned out by the screeching of a tropical bird that flew by with cries of almost mocking laughter. And there were none but the birds and insects to witness the remarkably quick changes the unconscious explorer's body was undergoing—changes which seemed to strip the years away like layers of skin, revealing successively a man in the prime of life, a youth in full vigor of manhood, an adolescent whose beard was just beginning to sprout, a child with a rich, full life ahead of it, an infant, utterly helpless and puny!

And when the body that had once been Andre Visson, illustrious explorer of the unknown, suddenly regained consciousness, there were none but the insects and birds to watch the mad thrashing of the infant's arms in the water, nor to hear its piteous wailing. Then the waters covered the infant's face and stilled its movements and voice—and once more the only sound in the wilderness of the Everglades was the screeching laughter of the birds—and the faint, echoing laughter of the all-seeing Fates.

DIARY of DOOM



ONLY DR. GEORGE FIELDING'S DIARY CAN EXPLAIN THE TERRIFYING CIRCUMSTANCES THAT CHANGED HIM OVERNIGHT... CHANGED HIM INTO A MURDERER AND SOMETHING WORSE! YOU'RE FREE TO DOUBT THE STORY IF YOU WISH... JUST AS DR. FIELDING DOUBTED, ON HIS WAY TO HOWLING CREEK... BUT BEFORE YOU SCOFF, LISTEN! MAYBE YOU CAN HEAR THEM, FAR OFF IN THE NIGHT... BAYING A WELCOME TO THE SHAGGY THING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN!

IN A CANADIAN COURTROOM...

GENTLEMEN, SO FAR THE POLICE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE DR. GEORGE FIELDING! BUT ON THE BASIS OF THE ONE DEFINITE FACT IN FIELDING'S DIARY, I MOVE FOR HIS INDICTMENT... ON A CHARGE OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER!



AS FOR THE REST... IT'S THE WEIRDEST COLLECTION OF SUPERSTITIOUS TOMMYROT I'VE EVER COME ACROSS! I'M GOING TO READ EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY... AND LET THIS JURY DECIDE WHETHER IT ISN'T A MASS OF LIES WRITTEN BY DR. FIELDING AFTER THE MURDER... IN A FANTASTIC ATTEMPT TO PROVIDE HIMSELF WITH A DEFENSE!



IT ALL BEGAN WHEN DR. FIELDING CALLED AT THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES MEDICAL ADVISORY BOARD---WHOSE CHIEF, DR. STANTON, IS PRESENT AT THIS INQUIRY! YOU RECALL THAT VISIT, DR. STANTON?

I'LL NEVER FORGET IT! AND NEITHER WILL ANYONE IN THIS ROOM--- IF THESE PROCEEDINGS FORCE ME TO PRESENT **EVIDENCE** TO SUPPORT DR. FIELDING'S STORY!



BEFORE I BEGIN READING --- I TRUST THE JURYMAN WHOSE DOG FOLLOWED HIM TO THE ANTEROOM WILL SEE FIT TO LEAVE HIM AT HOME IN THE FUTURE! AND NOW --- **THE DIARY!**



"TODAY I CALLED ON DR. STANTON---LOOKING FOR A LIKELY PLACE TO BEGIN MY MEDICAL PRACTICE!"

GEORGE, IT'S TRUE THERE ISN'T A DOCTOR WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF THIS AREA---BUT THERE'S JUST A SINGLE SETTLEMENT IN THE ENTIRE DISTRICT---**HOWLING CREEK!**

SOUNDS MIGHTY LONELY, DR. STANTON! BUT I'M READY TO GO WHERE I'M NEEDED---REGARDLESS OF THE OBSTACLES!



"I TOOK LITTLE NOTICE OF SOMETHING STRANGE IN DR. STANTON'S TONE AND MANNER---AS IF A VEIL, COLD AS A POWDERY BLIZZARD, HAD BEEN MOMENTARILY LIFTED--TO GIVE ME A GLIMPSE OF WHAT WORDS CANNOT CONVEY!"

INCREDIBLY ENOUGH, THERE **ISN'T** ANY NEED FOR A DOCTOR AT HOWLING CREEK! ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS, NO ONE UP THERE EVER GETS SICK! AND AS FOR THE OBSTACLES---WELL, THEY'RE TYPICAL OF ANY OUTPOST IN THE NORTH COUNTRY, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING---**WOLVES!**



I FIGURE I'M A GOOD ENOUGH SHOT TO HANDLE **THEM!** AND EVEN IF THE TRADERS AT HOWLING CREEK ARE UNUSUALLY HEALTHY---I'M PRETTY SURE THAT THE CREE INDIANS GENERALLY NEED SOME KIND OF MEDICAL ATTENTION WHEN THEY BRING IN THEIR FUR CATCHES!

FIELDING---WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE THE FACTS! THE INDIANS DON'T **COME** TO HOWLING CREEK---THEY **SHUN** THE PLACE---AND I STRONGLY SUGGEST **YOU** FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE!



WHAT MADE ME IGNORE DR. STANTON'S ADVICE? WAS IT A YOUNG DOCTOR'S EAGERNESS TO SHOW OFF WHAT HE KNOWS---OR A YOUNG FOOL'S CURIOSITY ABOUT SOMETHING NO HUMAN CAN **EVER** KNOW? THREE DAYS LATER, I WAS IN A WHIPPING SNOWSTORM WITH A CREE GUIDE---HEADING TOWARD HOWLING CREEK!"



HOWLING CREEK TEN MILES FROM HERE, DOCTOR! YOU GO **ALONE** NOW!

WAIT---YOU CAN'T TURN BACK ON FOOT! WHY DON'T YOU SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE POST---AND LEAVE WITH A DOG TEAM IN THE MORNING?



NO, DOCTOR... NO! NOBODY
GO TO HOWLING CREEK... NO-
BODY LEAVE HOWLING
CREEK!



"I WATCHED HIM DISAPPEAR IN THE SWIRLING WHITE WILDER-
NESS... WONDERING WHAT NAMELESS DREAD COULD FORCE A
MAN TO RISK HIS LIFE IN THAT ENDLESS SILENCE! AND THEN,
FROM FAR OFF... ALMOST LIKE AN ANSWER, ALMOST LIKE A
WARNING... THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN!"

GUESS DR. STANTON WAS RIGHT
ABOUT THE WOLVES! STRANGE
THAT I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY UNTIL
NOW... JUST A SHORT DISTANCE
FROM... **HOWLING CREEK!**

AAOOOOO!



Sometimes I was almost
sure I could see them
as I pushed through the
drifts... and then the
blitting grey forms would
fade in the frosty half-
light... and there would
be nothing but circling
tracks, and the wind-
borne howls that tolled
above the hissing sleigh
runners!

THEY SOUND LOUDER
AND LOUDER EVERY YARD!
AMAZING HOW THE HOWLING
DEVILS MANAGE TO KEEP
OUT OF SIGHT... ALWAYS
AHEAD OF ME!

AAOOOOO!



"**GREY AS THE BOTTOM OF A SKILLET,**
THE SUN WAS JUST SINKING TO THE
RAGGED BLACK RIM OF THE FOREST
WHEN I REACHED THE HUDDLED
GROUP OF SHACKS KNOWN AS
HOWLING CREEK! IT WAS STILL
LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE TRACKS
IN THE SNOW... WOLF TRACKS...
TRACKS THAT NO LONGER CIRCLED,
BUT RAN STRAIGHT TO THE
BOARDED-UP TRADING POST!"



"I HEARD A SCARED VOICE, FELT AN ICY HAND ON MY
CHIN... MY OWN VOICE... MY OWN HAND!"

NO WONDER NO ONE'S EVER SICK HERE!
THE PLACE IS DESERTED, AND THE WOLVES
HAVE TAKEN OVER! THAT'S IT... **THE WOLVES
HAVE TAKEN OVER!**



"**CAUTIOUSLY, HOLDING MY RIFLE READY, I FOLLOWED
THE PAW MARKS TO THE TRADING POST DOOR...
AND THEN...**"



"SOME INSTINCT JABBED AT MY MIND LIKE AN ICICLE AT THAT FIRST GLANCE---SOME RECOLLECTION OF A COLD, PALE FORM ON A DISSECTING TABLE---A FORM THAT COULD NEVER MOVE---AS THESE DID!"



"SILENCE--- I TRIED TO OVERLOOK THE STRANGE TENSION ---THE WINTRY CHILL THAT STOLE FROM THOSE CHALKY FACES!"

THERE MUST BE A REASON FOR THEIR BEING HERE! THOSE WOLF TRACKS OUTSIDE, OF COURSE ---THEY'RE TAKING REFUGE FROM THE WOLVES!



I'M YOUR NEW DOCTOR! I WAS WONDERING, A MOMENT AGO, WHETHER THE WOLVES HAD TAKEN OVER---AND IT'S CERTAINLY A RELIEF TO FIND **PEOPLE** IN HOWLING CREEK!



"I WASN'T QUITE READY FOR THE SUDDEN REACTION FROM THOSE GAUNT AND BONY FIGURES! THEY LAUGHED---THEY LAUGHED IN A YAPPING CHORUS---THEY **HOWLED** WITH LAUGHTER!"

THERE'S **PLENTY** I'D LIKE TO LEARN ABOUT HOWLING CREEK, FRIENDS--- BUT TO BEGIN WITH, WHAT'S THE **JOKE**?



"I WATCHED ONE OF THE SHADOWED FORMS CLOSELY AS HE REPLIED! PURELY AS A MATTER OF MEDICAL INTEREST, I WATCHED HIM---THE THIN, ASHY LIPS DRAWN OVER THE FINE WHITE TEETH---THE WHITE, **POINTED** TEETH!"



"MOVING TOWARD ME, THE OTHERS TOOK UP THE CRY---BAYING A SINGLE WORD LIKE A PACK LOPING UNDER THE ARCTIC MOON!"

GO!
GO!GO!

UNLESS I'M CRAZY, THEY ARE ---DRIVEN OUT OF THEIR MINDS BY THE ENDLESS COLD AND ISOLATION! IT'S MY DUTY AS A DOCTOR TO **HELP** THESE PEOPLE ---AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I'VE TRIED!



"THEN I HEARD IT AGAIN---A QUAVERING HOWL AND THE PATTERN OF CLAWED FEET ON THE SNOW OUTSIDE--- AND AS THE DOOR FLEW SUDDENLY OPEN---

AAOOOOO!



I CAN'T GO ON WITH THESE INTERRUPTIONS! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THAT DOG **IMMEDIATELY!**

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, MR. PROSECUTOR! PLEASE CONTINUE!



"---AND AS THE DOOR FLEW SUDDENLY OPEN, I SAW HER FOR THE FIRST TIME---PANTING TENSELY AS SHE ENTERED, HER HEAD RAISED LIKE A CREATURE SNIFFING THE WIND--- AWARE OF A **STRANGER!**"

WAIT!
HE IS YOUNG
---WE NEED HIM!
HE IS VIGOROUS
---**LET HIM STAY!**



"AS THE OTHERS TURNED TO LEAVE---GROWLING THEIR RELUCTANT CONSENT---

JUST A MINUTE!



IT MAY BE A BIT EARLY TO ASK WHY YOU STOOD UP FOR ME---BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW YOUR NAME!

MONA!



"YES...I WAS A FOOL! A FOOL NOT TO NOTICE THE TAWNY EYES...THE STRANGE, LOLLING MOTION OF HER TONGUE WHEN SHE SPOKE!"

MONA, LET'S START OFF BY BEING HONEST! THERE'S SOMETHING **PECULIAR** ABOUT HOWLING CREEK...AND **YOU'VE** GOT TO HELP ME GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!

I WILL, DOCTOR! BUT BE PATIENT! **WE** HAVE BEEN IN HOWLING CREEK FOR A HUNDRED YEARS...AND YOU MUST GIVE YOURSELF AT LEAST OVERNIGHT BEFORE YOU CAN BECOME ONE OF US!

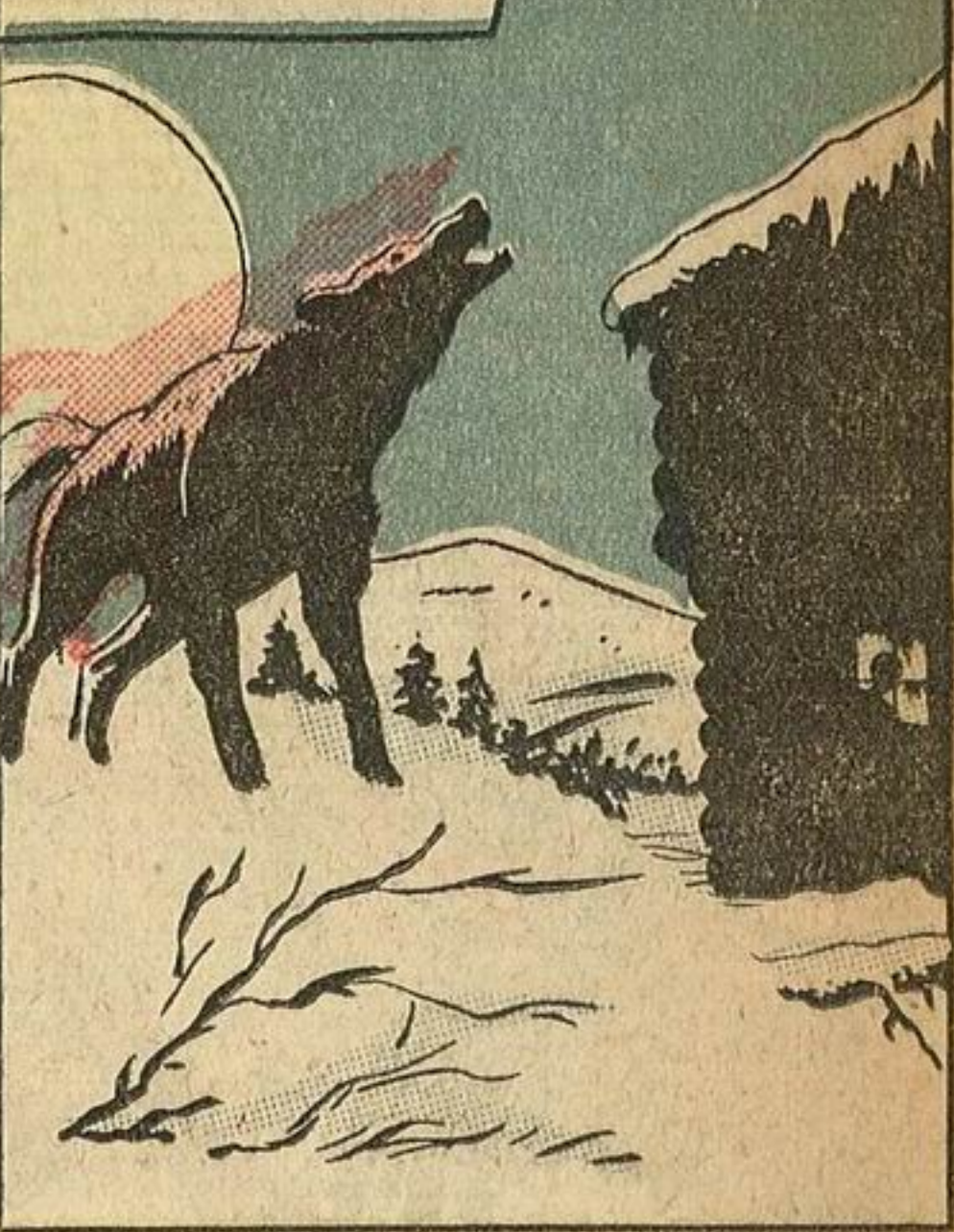


"THAT NIGHT...AS I LAY IN BED NEAR THE FROSTY WINDOW...A SUDDEN THOUGHT MADE ME STARE OUT INTO THE COLD GREEN MOONLIGHT!"

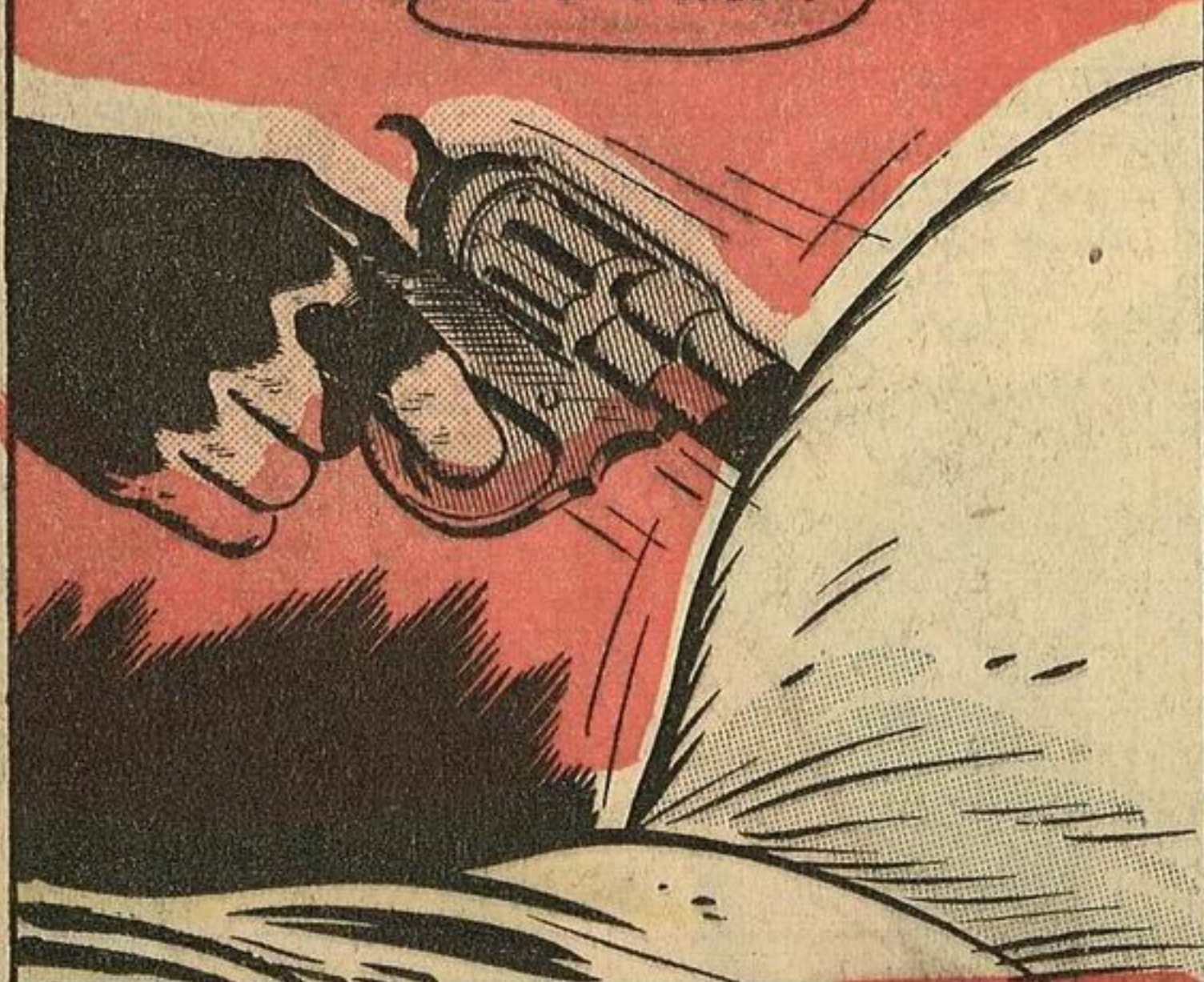
GREAT GUNS...HOW COULD IT HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND UNTIL NOW? THEY CAME AND WENT...MONA AND THOSE OTHERS...BUT WHERE ARE THEIR **FOOTPRINTS**? THERE'S JUST ONE KIND OF MARK IN THE SNOW...**WOLF TRACKS!**



"SUDDENLY I SAW IT...PANTING TENSELY...ITS HEAD RAISED LIKE A CREATURE SNIFFING THE WIND!"



YES, I'LL BE PATIENT...JUST LONG ENOUGH TO **PROVE** WHAT I SUSPECT ABOUT HOWLING CREEK!



"I HEARD POINTED TEETH GRATING ON THE DOOR KNOB...THE SLOW CREAK OF THE UNOILED HINGES! THEN, THROUGH HALF-CLOSED EYES, I WATCHED THE SHAGGY FORM PAD TOWARD ME...THE TAWNY EYES...THE RED, LOLLING TONGUE!"



"I COULD HAVE FIRED AGAIN AS THE WOUNDED WOLF DARTED TOWARD THE DOOR! I **COULD** HAVE...IF MY HAND HADN'T BEEN TREMBLING!"

THAT'S THE STRANGEST YELP I EVER HEARD! OR...WAS IT A **SCREAM?**



"WITH SLEEP OUT OF THE QUESTION, I DECIDED TO CALM MY JANGLED NERVES BY READING! IDLY, I TURNED THE PAGES OF MY MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA...NOT DARING TO ADMIT I WAS **SEARCHING** FOR SOMETHING...UNTIL THE WORD ALL BUT HOWLED FROM THE PRINTED PAGE!"

"**LYCANTHROPY**: A FORM OF INSANITY IN WHICH THE PATIENT TAKES ON DEFINITE WOLF-LIKE CHARACTERISTICS. IN THE WERE-WOLF LEGEND, SUPERNATURAL BEINGS CAN ASSUME THE FORM OF WOLVES..."



THEY ARE SAID TO BAND TOGETHER IN PACKS, SEARCHING FOR HUMAN VICTIMS, WHO BECOME WEREWOLVES WHEN BITTEN BY THE MOST RECENT ADDITION TO THE PACK. WHILE THE EXISTENCE OF THE PACK DEPENDS ON THIS CREATURE, IT IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE GROUP THAT IS SUBJECT TO PHYSICAL INJURY AND DEATH IN THE ORDINARY SENSE."



"THE FOLLOWING MORNING...WHILE I HUNTED THROUGH HOWLING CREEK FOR SOMETHING I KNEW I WOULD NOT FIND..."

SOMEONE...OR SOMETHING... IS PEERING OUT AT ME FROM THOSE BUSHES!



THANKS FOR TURNING UP, MONA! I'VE BEEN **WAITING** FOR A CHANCE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!

PLEASE...LET ME GO! YOU'RE... HURTING MY ARM!

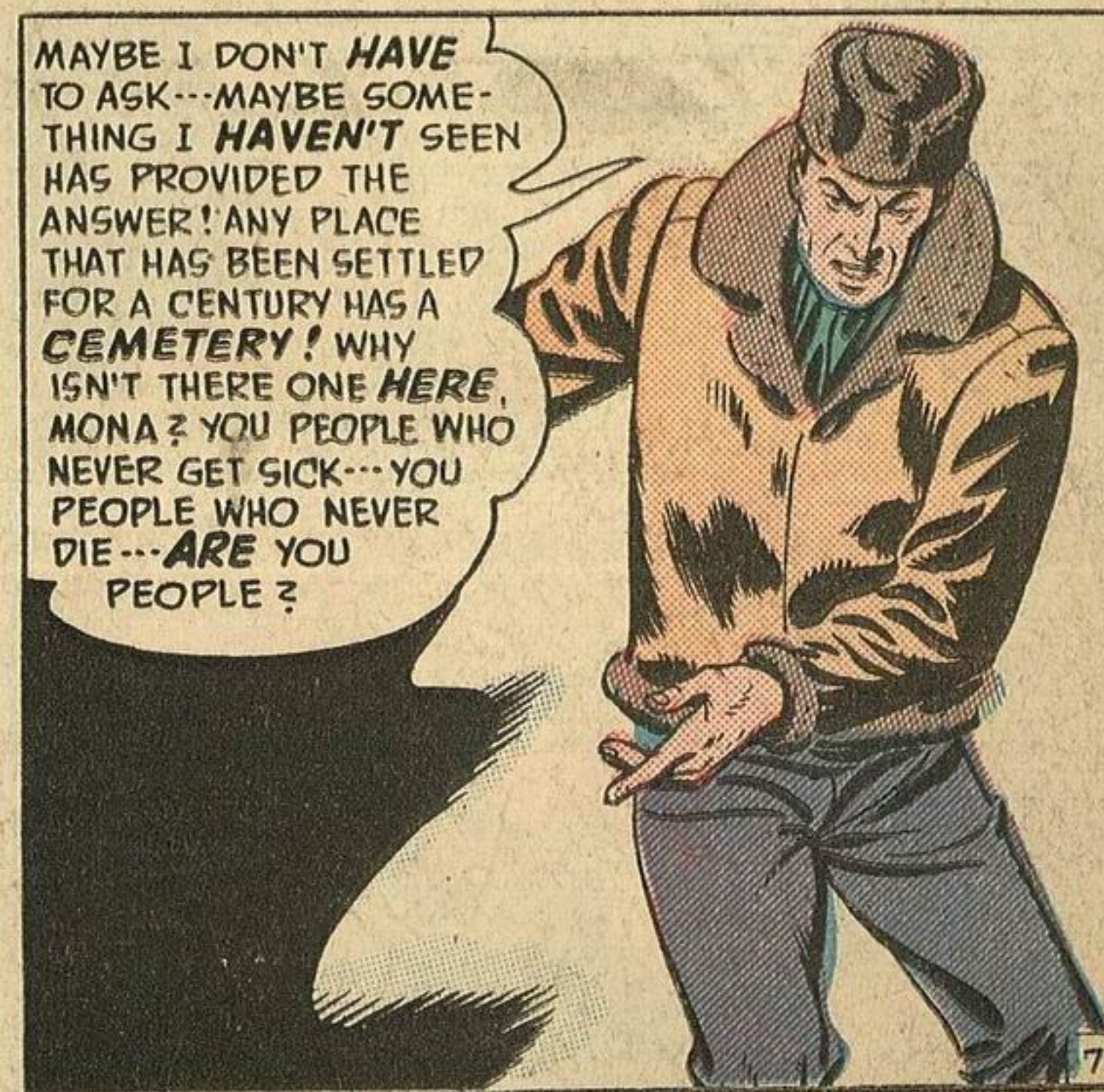


EXCUSE ME, SWEETHEART...I FORGOT THAT A **BULLET WOUND** CAN BE PAINFUL! BUT BEFORE WE GO INTO THAT...**WHAT'S THE ANGLE?** WHY WERE YOU SPYING ON ME JUST NOW?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S SPYING! SNOOPING AROUND HOWLING CREEK AS IF YOU **SUSPECTED** SOMETHING! WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO KNOW, DOCTOR...OR ARE YOU **AFRAID TO ASK?**



MAYBE I DON'T **HAVE** TO ASK...MAYBE SOMETHING I **HAVEN'T** SEEN HAS PROVIDED THE ANSWER! ANY PLACE THAT HAS BEEN SETTLED FOR A CENTURY HAS A **CEMETERY!** WHY ISN'T THERE ONE **HERE**, MONA? YOU PEOPLE WHO NEVER GET SICK...YOU PEOPLE WHO NEVER DIE...**ARE YOU PEOPLE?**



"HER BODY MOVED LIKE A THING THAT CRINGES AND FAWNS ...AND HER VOICE WAS HALF MUSIC AND HALF A WHINE THAT CHILLED MY BLOOD!"

GEORGE, I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME ...YOU'VE GOT TO, GEORGE!

I'VE ALREADY LISTENED, MONA ...LISTENED WHILE YOU HOWLED OUTSIDE MY WINDOW LAST NIGHT! WHAT ELSE CAN I THINK ...EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE EVERYTHING THAT'S BLACK AND BEASTLY... **A WERE-WOLF!**



"HOW CLOSE CAME THOSE TAWNY EYES...HOW CLOSE THE WHITE FACE THAT COULD BE SO BEAUTIFUL IN THE SICKLY SUNLIGHT...SO FURRED AND SNOUTED UNDER THE CREEPING MOON!"

THINK OF WHAT MY LIFE MUST BE WITH **THEM**, GEORGE! THINK OF HOW LONG I'VE WAITED...MIDNIGHT AFTER MIDNIGHT, GEORGE...FOR JUST A GLIMPSE, FOR JUST A WORD, FOR JUST A TOUCH OF LOVE! LOOK AT ME...AM I BLACK AND BEASTLY, GEORGE...**AM I?**



"HER WORDS SWIRLED AROUND ME LIKE SNOWFLAKES ...DRIFTING, DRIFTING...AND THE MISTY PLUME FROM HER PARTED LIPS WAS CLOSE...**CLOSE!**"

GEORGE...KISS ME! FORGET THE REST, GEORGE...THOSE THINGS YOU'LL FIND SO VERY, VERY EASY TO UNDER-
STAND!



"**CLOSE!** OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW THEM ...POINTED EARS LISTENING FROM BEHIND THE SNOW-DRIFTS...SHAGGY HEADS WATCHING FROM UNDER THE PINES!"



"AND IN THE INSTANT I TURNED MY HEAD..."

GARRRGH!



YOU'VE DONE IT... DONE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN **WAITING TO DO!** SHE-DEVIL...FIEND ...**YOU'VE BITTEN ME!**

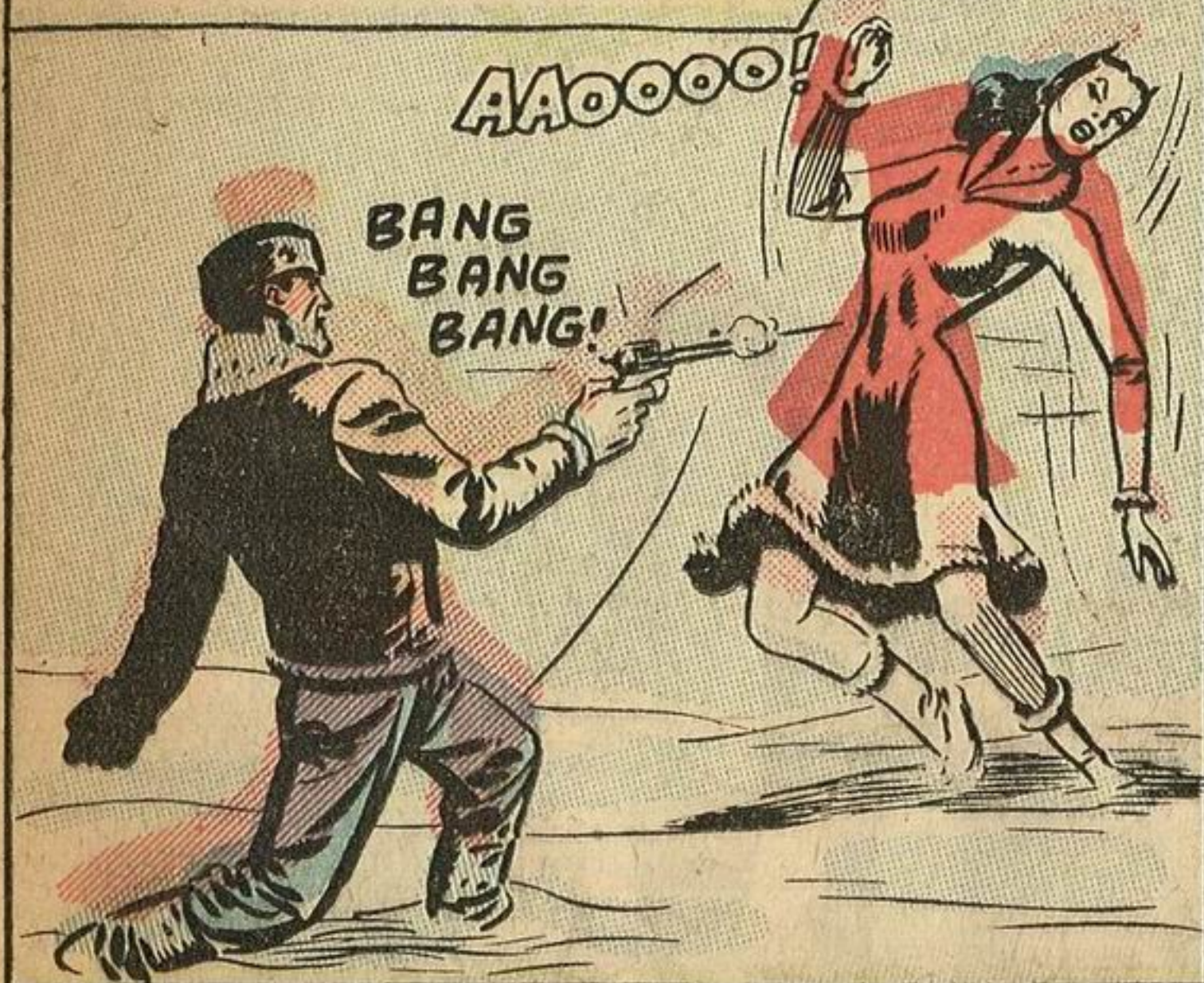
NOW IT WILL NOT SEEM SO STRANGE, GEORGE! THE LONG, LONELY WAIL WHEN THE MOON GLAZES THE ICY TREES...THE GREY FORMS SEARCHING, SEARCHING IN THE GREY HALF-WORLD ...THESE THINGS YOU WILL **SHARE**, GEORGE ...**NOW!**



"THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE GROUP THAT IS SUBJECT TO PHYSICAL INJURY AND DEATH..." IN A SECOND, THE WORDS FLASHED THROUGH MY MIND... IN A SECOND, THE GUN FLASHED IN MY HAND!

AAOOOO!

BANG
BANG
BANG!



"THEY TOOK UP THE CRY AS THEY SCURRIED THROUGH THE WOODS... BUT SHE WAS THE ONE I WATCHED! NOT WONDERING HOW WHITE HANDS COULD CHANGE INTO GRIZZLED PAWS... NOT WONDERING WHY I GRIEVED OVER THE CLOUDED TAWNY EYES!"

MONA... MONA!
NOW IT IS I WHO WILL
BE ALONE... CALLING TO THE
STARS AND THE WINDS, MONA
...AND THE BLACK NIGHT ALL
AROUND ME!

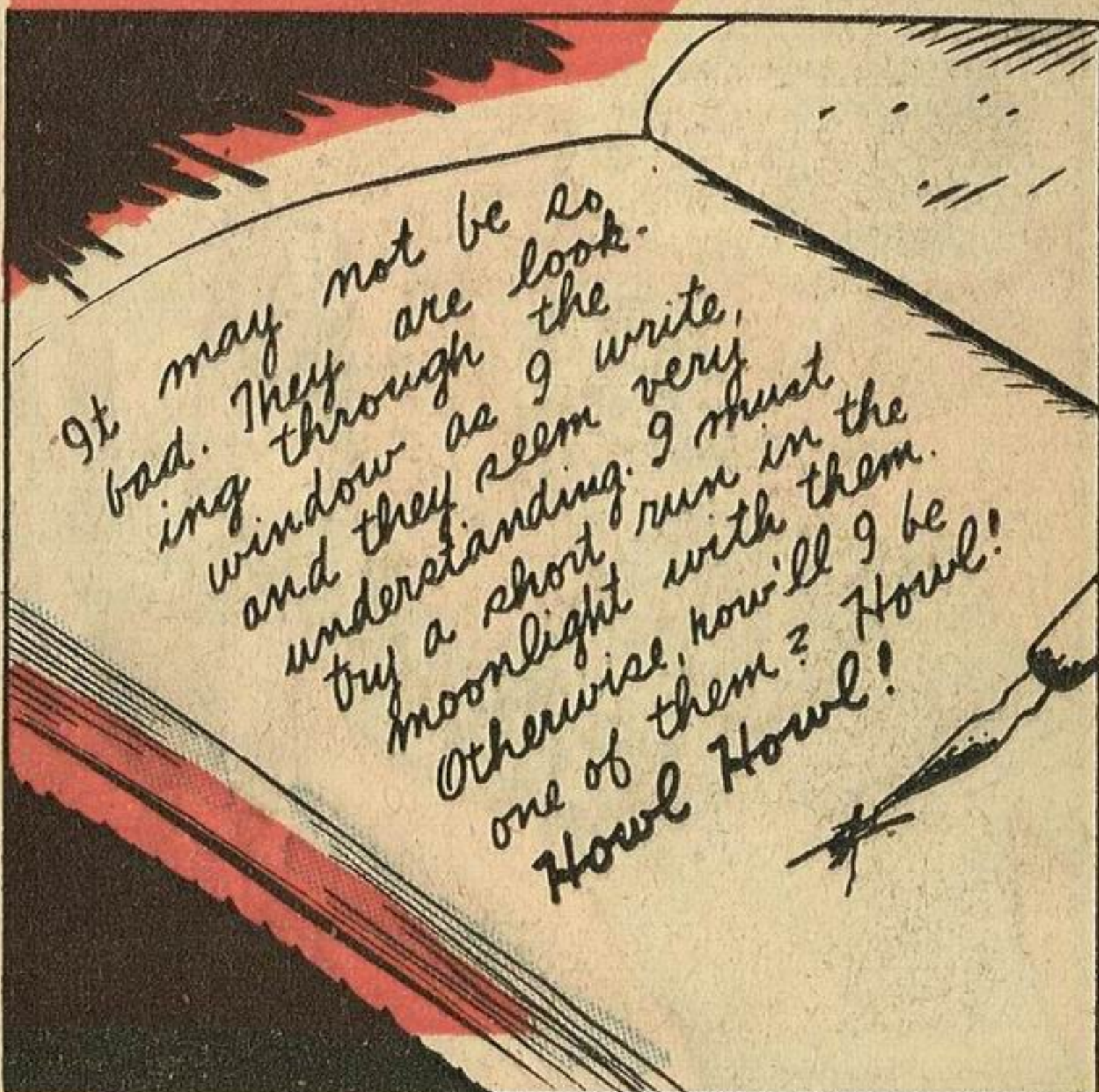


"I GRITTED MY SHARP TEETH AS I STUMBLED BACK TO THE TRADING POST... HARDLY ABLE TO STAND UPRIGHT... MY TONGUE LOLLING..."

I'VE GOT TO WRITE IT DOWN...
WHILE I'M STILL ABLE TO THINK
LIKE A DOCTOR... LIKE A
HUMAN!

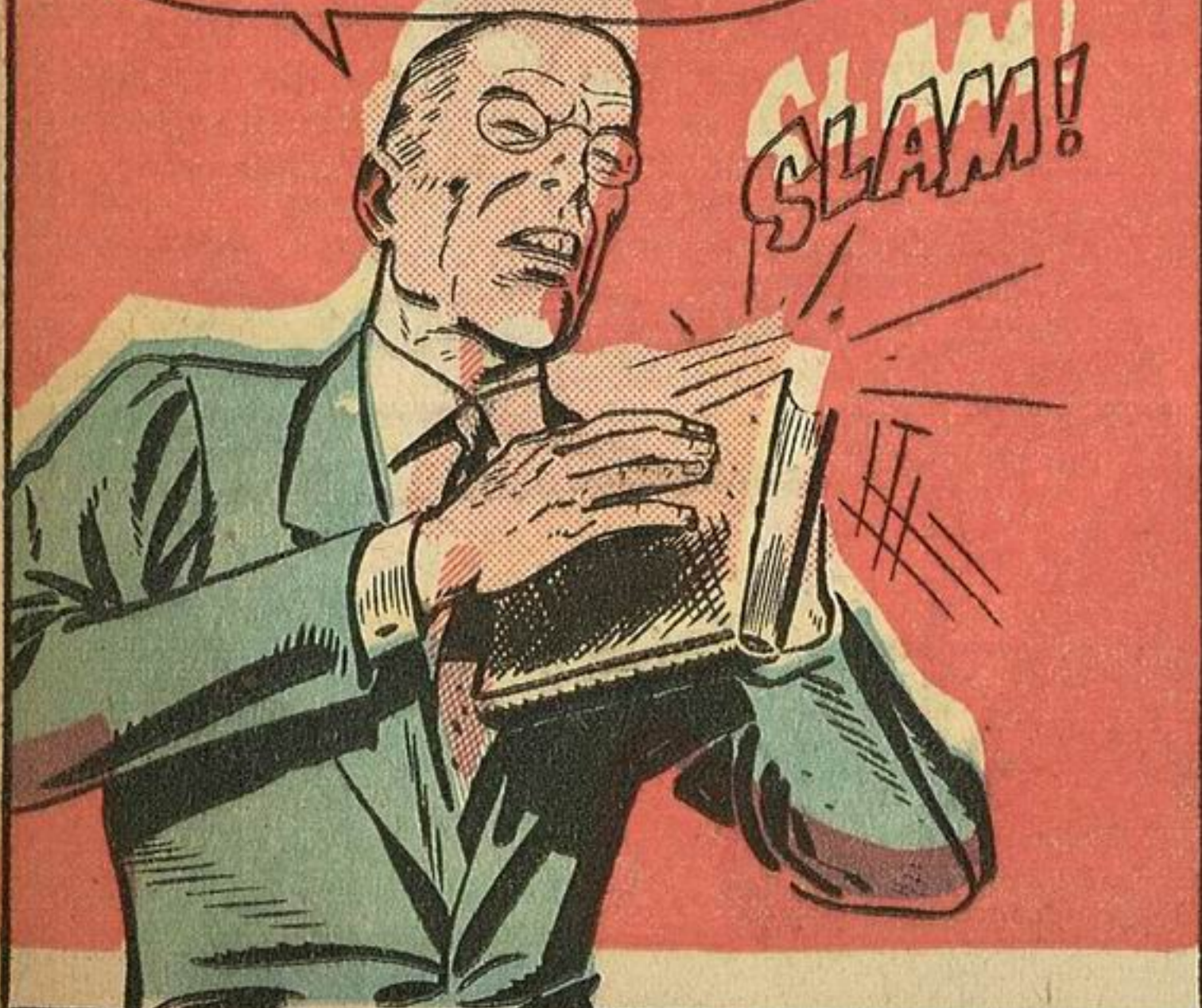


It may not be so
bad. They are look-
ing through the
window as I write,
and they seem very
understanding. I must
try a short run in the
moonlight with them.
Otherwise, how'll I be
one of them? Howl!
Howl Howl!



GENTLEMEN, THIS OUTBURST OF SHEER
MOONSHINE IS THE LAST ENTRY IN A
MURDERER'S DIARY!

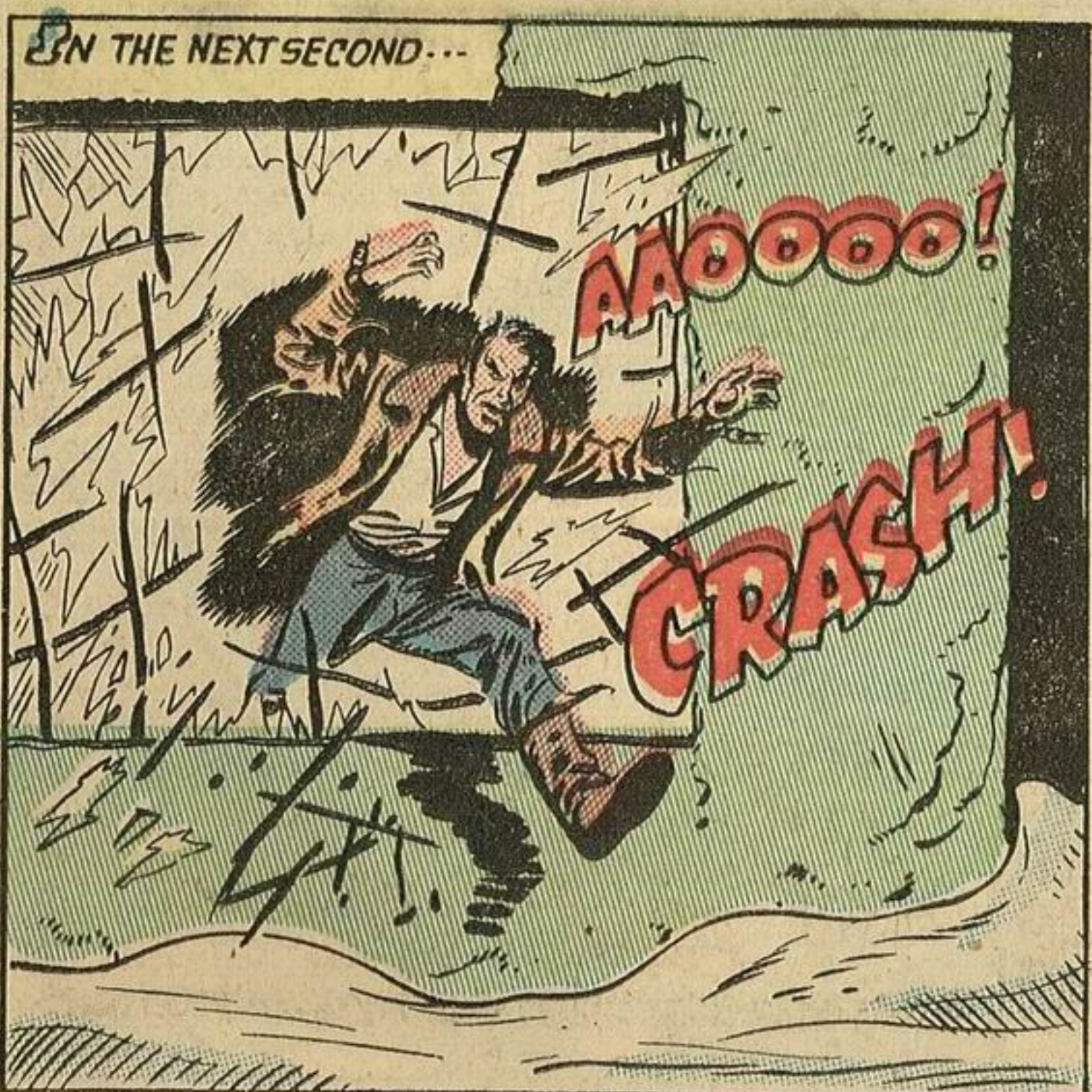
SLAM!

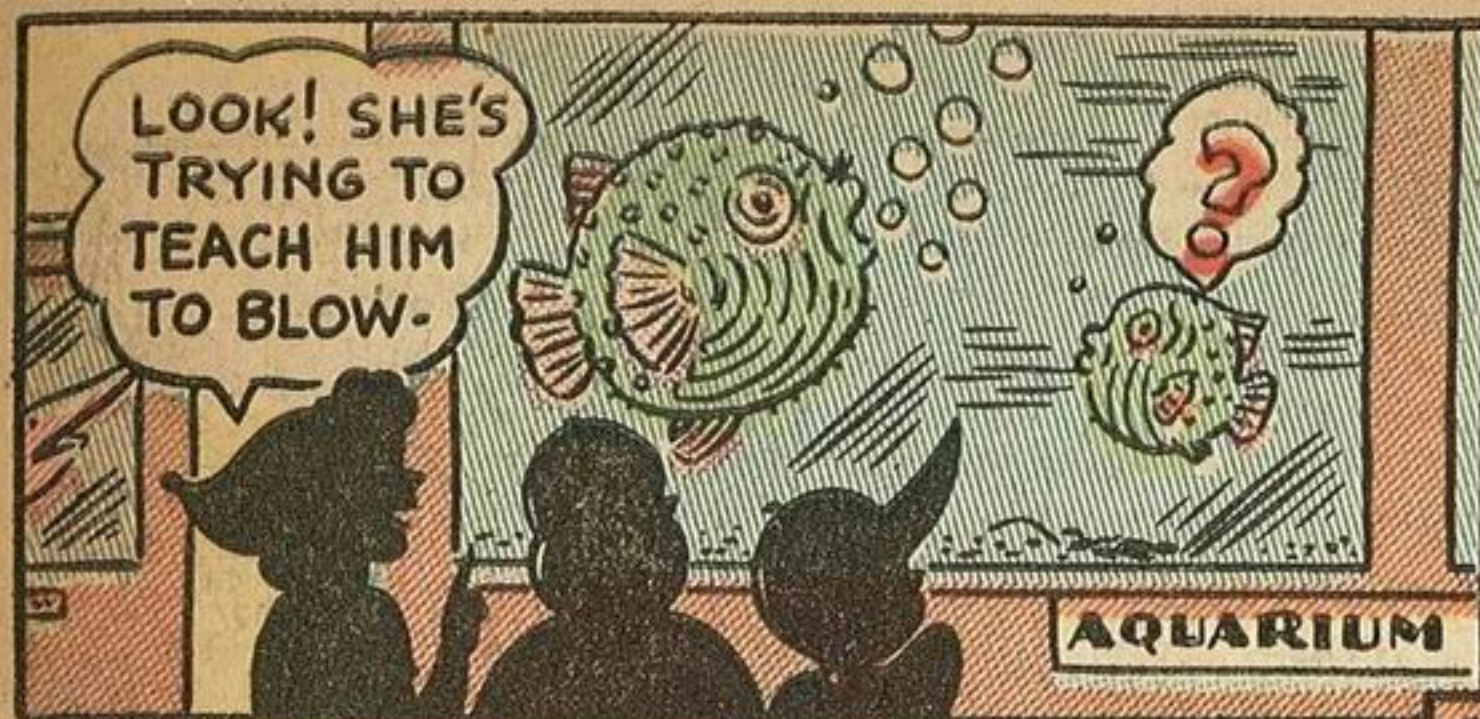


SINCE DR. GEORGE
FIELDING IS A FUGITIVE
FROM JUSTICE, I CALL
UPON DR. STANTON TO
EXPLAIN WHERE HE
GOT THIS BOOK!

I WORRIED ABOUT HIM...
I WENT TO HOWLING
CREEK AND BROUGHT
HIM BACK! GUARD...
**LEAD IN DR.
FIELDING!**







For recommended reading...



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DEVIL'S MASQUERADE

JUDY was rapturously happy as she entered the ballroom and began looking among the gaily-costumed figures on the dance floor for David. He'd told her that he'd come to the masquerade party dressed as the Devil—and would be wearing the realistic Devil's costume that his fraternity used in all its initiations—but she couldn't seem to find him in that huge crowd of masked dancers.

"Where the devil could he be?" she laughed to herself. "Oh—*there* he is!"

Silently, she stole up behind a figure unmistakably dressed as the Devil, tapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "Hi, Mr. Devil!"

The figure whirled around swiftly, and Judy couldn't repress the sudden gasp of fright that escaped her lips. "Oh, David—you . . . you scared me for a moment! I . . . I didn't think that you'd be *entirely* covered by that costume—or that you'd look so . . . so *frightening*!"

Then, as the Devil's scowl deepened, Judy began to laugh. "Oh, David, you needn't look so hurt—now that I'm used to you, I think you look positively *funny*! You'll probably win the award for the most amusing costume at the ball—and now, let's dance!"

"Good idea," the Devil said. "Let's dance out onto the terrace."

Judy laughed merrily as she put her arms around him and let him lead her towards the French doors. "Oh, David—I *love* your sense of humor! No one else I know would even think of making his voice huskier so that he could act out the part of the Devil better. You should have been an actor!"

"Now stop calling me David," the Devil said. "As long as the masquerade party is on, we've got to live up to our parts. And to make the whole thing even *more* realistic, you've got to *sell me your soul*!"

Judy's silver laughter tinkled out into the soft night air of the secluded terrace. "Oh, that *will* be fun—can I even sign my name in blood?"

The Devil looked annoyed. "Of course—it just isn't *legal* unless you do! Here—give me your finger—"

"OWWW!" Judy looked up at the Devil with an air of surprise and pain. "You . . . you *hurt* me! And what on earth did you prick my finger with? Look—it's beginning to bleed!"

"Don't talk so loud—someone might hear you and . . . er, interfere! Here, take this piece of paper and start writing with your finger—I, Judith Morrissey, do hereby—"

"Where on earth did you get this strange, ancient-looking piece of papyrus, David?" Judy said, holding the yellowed parchment up. "You certainly use the most *authentic* props!"

With a grunt of impatience, the Devil seized Judy's hand and forced the finger down hard on the parchment. "Now—*write*!"

"*David!*" Judy said, thoroughly angry now. "This is going too far—let go of my hand! I've never known you to be this rough before! *DAVID!*"

"Judy—is that you calling me?" came a voice from the French doors.

With a gasp of astonishment, Judy recognized the voice—and turned to see the figure of a Devil, not so frightening as the first one, coming towards her and taking off its mask—revealing *DAVID!*

"Ohhh, *no—NO!*" shrieked Judy, tearing her hand away from the Devil's in a paroxysm of horror and revulsion. And as she ran weepingly towards him, David couldn't believe his eyes as he saw the Devil, with a look of impotent rage on his face, disappear in a cloud of greenish smoke!

"TRUE" GHOSTS of HISTORY

THE KING OF SWEDEN AND THE LITTLE GREY MAN

FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES, LEGENDS SAY, SWEDISH ROYALTY HAD BEEN VISITED BY A STRANGE SPECTER... **THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY**... WHO WOULD DELIVER HIS GRIM PREDICTIONS ONLY TO THE EARS OF KINGS! AND ONE BITTER WINTER DAY IN 1714, IN THE DENSE WOODS OF FINLAND, THE EXILED KING CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN DECIDED NOT TO WAIT FOR THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY... BUT TO **SEEK HIM OUT!**

I MUST DO IT, I SAY! OUR ARMIES ARE DEFEATED, OUR NUMBERS ARE FEW... I MUST FIND A WAY BACK TO SWEDEN... AND ONLY THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY CAN TELL ME THAT! I WILL SEEK HIM OUT!

BUT SIRE, WE DARE NOT GO WITH YOU! IT IS A LONG JOURNEY TO THE PLACE WHERE LEGENDS SAY THE GREY SPECTER DWELLS... AND OUR ENEMIES ARE AS MANY AS THE TREES IN THE FOREST!



COWARDS... THEN I GO ALONE! I WILL NO LONGER HAVE FOOLISH COUNSEL FROM GENERALS AND ADMIRALS AND MEN LIKE YOU... I WILL CONSULT ONLY THE DEAD... FOR ONLY THE DEAD KNOW THE FUTURE! I WILL RETURN!



AND SO KING CHARLES XII ~~EMBARKED~~ ON THE STRANGEST JOURNEY THAT ANY MONARCH EVER TOOK... TO CONSULT A **GHOST!** FINALLY, AFTER A LONG RIDE THROUGH THE FINNISH WOODS...

THIS IS THE BARREN SPOT WHERE 'TIS SAID THE GHOST IS WONT TO WALK! NOW I MUST APPLY THE RITUAL THAT MY GRANDFATHER PASSED ON TO ME ON HIS DEATH-BED... THE RITUAL THAT WILL SUMMON THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY!



COME QUICK! COME QUICK! FROM COPSE OR WOOD OR DELL... AND TO THE KING OF SWEDEN HIS FATE AND FORTUNE TELL!



SUDDENLY...

HEAVENS PROTECT ME... **THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY!!**



AS THE KING KNELT IN FRIGHT, THE STRANGE SPECTER LAID A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER... A HAND AS COLD AS DEATH!

YOUR TOUCH... I... I CAN FEEL ITS TERRIBLE ICINESS EVEN THROUGH MY HEAVY CLOAK! GOOD SPIRIT... SPARE ME... I MERELY SOUGHT YOU OUT TO LEARN WHAT I CAN DO TO WIN BACK MY COUNTRY... TO DEFEAT MY ENEMIES!

I WILL NOT HARM YOU... BUT YOUR DOOM IS SEALED! YOU MUST NOT RETURN TO SWEDEN... OR YOU WILL PERISH MISERABLY!



BUT I MUST RETURN... I WOULD DIE RATHER THAN REMAIN A KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY! IS THERE **NOTHING** YOU CAN DO TO HELP ME?

THERE IS BUT ONE THING... **WEAR MY RING AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!** IT WILL POSTPONE YOUR DEATH FOR THREE YEARS... AND THEN WILL VANISH FROM YOUR FINGER ON THE DAY YOU DIE! AND YOU WILL DIE BEFORE YOU ARE VICTORIOUS!

EAGERLY, KING CHARLES TOOK THE RING THAT FELT LIKE A CIRCLE OF ICE... COLDER BY FAR THAN THE FREEZING AIR!

THREE YEARS... THAT WILL BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO CONQUER MY ENEMIES AND WIN BACK SWEDEN! **VICTORY WILL BE MINE!**

FAREWELL, FOOLISH MORTAL!

HE... HE **VANISHED!** BUT I HAVE THE RING... AND **THREE LONG YEARS!**

ARISE... PREPARE FOR BATTLE! WE HAVE THREE YEARS... TIME TO RE-CONQUER ALL SWEDEN!

FOR THREE YEARS CHARLES BATTLED TO RE-CONQUER SWEDEN. AND FINALLY, WHEN THE SWEDES WERE BESIEGING FREDERIKSTEN IN 1717... WHEN SUCCESS WAS ALMOST IN SIGHT...

AYE, IT IS

YOUR MAJESTY... **YOUR RING...** **IT IS GONE!** IT WAS THERE BUT A MOMENT AGO!

GONE... BUT I AM STILL ALIVE! THE **LITTLE GREY MAN WAS WRONG... WE HAVE ALMOST WON!** THERE IS JUST THIS LAST FORTRESS TO CONQUER...!

WITH THESE RINGING WORDS, THE KING LOOKED OVER THE PARAPET OF THE TRENCH... AND THE NEXT MOMENT, WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD BY A BULLET FROM THE FORTRESS!

THE LITTLE GREY MAN WAS WR... **AAARGHHH!**

The End

Spirit of FRANKENSTEIN



IT WAS **MURDER**, DAN...ONE NIGHT OF BABY SITTING WITH MY KID COUSIN MAKES THE **ROBOT** LOOK DOWNRIGHT TAME! DID YOU GET ANY REPLIES TO YOUR ADVERTISEMENT CALLING FOR AN ASSISTANT?

NOT A SINGLE ONE, MARCIA...AND MAYBE I CAN'T BLAME YOUNG SCIENTISTS FOR NOT WANTING TO WORK AROUND THE ROBOT! BUT WITH MY WORK PILING UP, I WON'T BE CHOOSY ABOUT HIRING A SPECIALIST IN ATOMIC ENERGY...RIGHT NOW, I'LL SETTLE FOR **ANYONE!**



SCIENCE MAY SMILE AT THE ANCIENT LEGEND THAT EVIL HAD A FORM AND A WILL OF ITS OWN! BUT DR. DAN WARREN, DIRECTOR OF THE CYCLOTRON LABORATORY, KNOWS DIFFERENTLY...AFTER A STRANGE VISITOR BRINGS A TOUCH OF TERROR FROM OUT OF THE DARK UNKNOWN!

SUDDENLY...

STRANGE! WONDER WHO CAN BE DROP-PING AROUND AT THIS HOUR?



ARE YOU SURE IT IS SOME-ONE? THERE WASN'T A SOUL ANYWHERE NEAR THE LAB WHEN I ARRIVED JUST A MINUTE AGO!

SOMEONE...OR SOMETHING?

YES?

DR. WARREN? MY NAME IS **WAYLAND SMITH**...AND I'VE HEARD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AN ASSISTANT!



SMITH, I WAS BEGINNING TO GIVE UP HOPING! MEET MARCIA DAVIS...MY FIANCEE!



UGH! DAN'S SO ANXIOUS TO GET AN ASSISTANT THAT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE NOTICED IT...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT WAYLAND SMITH THAT MAKES ME SHIVER!



BEFORE WE TALK ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE, SMITH---I WANT TO BE SURE **THIS** WILL BE NO OBSTACLE!

A ROBOT! OH, NO---NO OBSTACLE TO ME---I LIKE FANTASTIC THINGS!



THEN---WITHOUT WARNING---

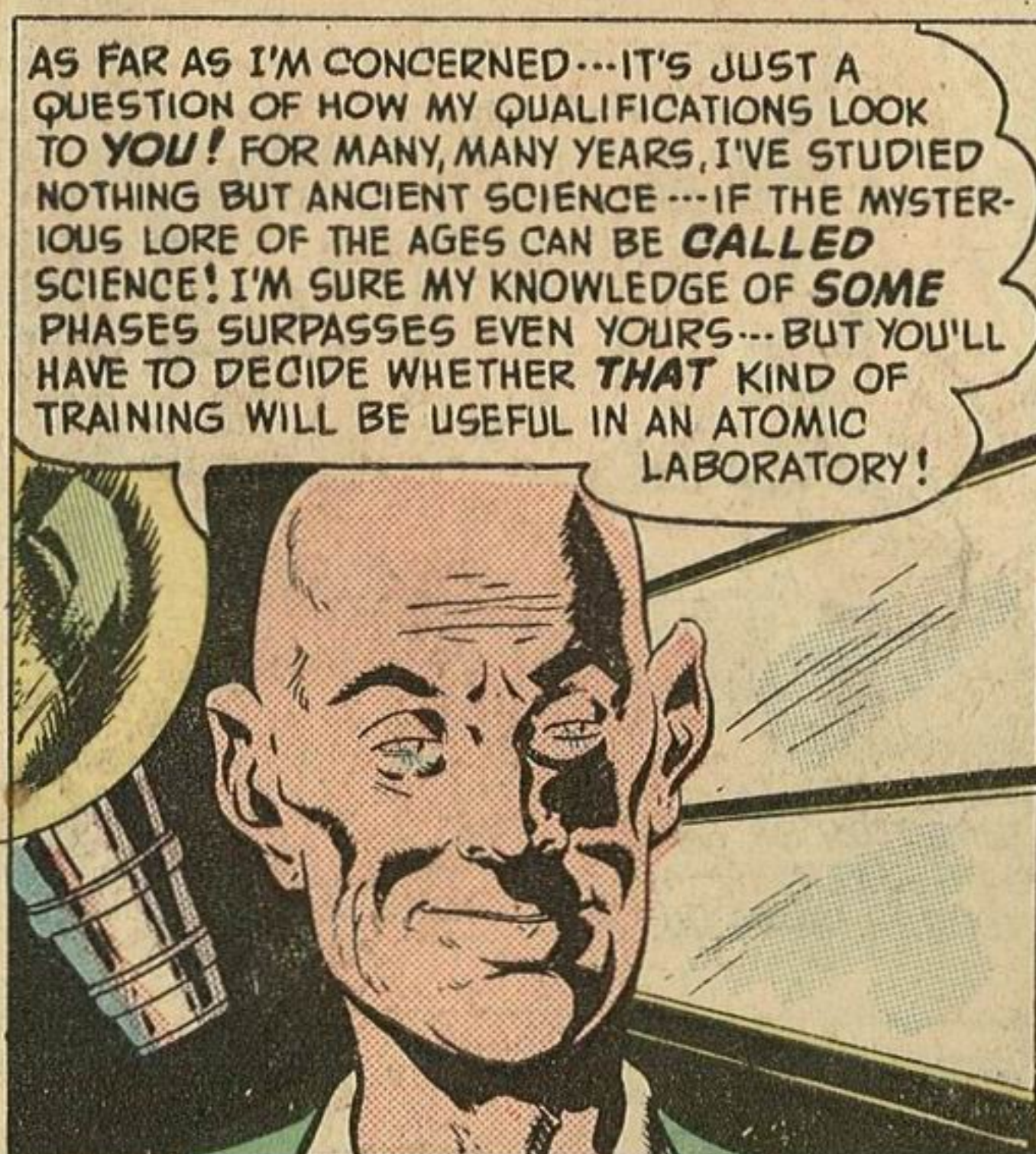
YAARRGH!

ROBOT---GET BACK! QUIET DOWN!



I WONDER WHAT IN HEAVEN CAUSED **THAT**, DAN---AFTER YOU'VE SPENT MONTHS TRAINING THE ROBOT TO BE FRIENDLY TOWARD ANYONE VISITING THE LAB?

IT MERELY PROVES WHAT I WAS TRYING TO SHOW SMITH---**THE ROBOT CAN'T BE TRUSTED!** WELL---HOW DOES THE JOB LOOK TO YOU **NOW?**



AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED---IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF HOW MY QUALIFICATIONS LOOK TO **YOU!** FOR MANY, MANY YEARS, I'VE STUDIED NOTHING BUT ANCIENT SCIENCE---IF THE MYSTERIOUS LORE OF THE AGES CAN BE **CALLED** SCIENCE! I'M SURE MY KNOWLEDGE OF **SOME** PHASES SURPASSES EVEN YOURS---BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER **THAT** KIND OF TRAINING WILL BE USEFUL IN AN ATOMIC LABORATORY!



IT'S NOT THE SORT OF EXPERIENCE I WAS LOOKING FOR, SMITH---BUT THERE'S A CHANCE YOU CAN LEARN QUITE A BIT AS WE GO ALONG! IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TIME!

I WAS ON THE POINT OF MENTIONING **THAT!** SINCE I'M EXTREMELY BUSY MYSELF, I CAN SPARE ONLY AN HOUR A DAY---BETWEEN ELEVEN O'CLOCK AND MIDNIGHT! IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING---BUT WHAT DO **YOU** THINK?



FOR A SECOND---MARCIA WAITS TENSELY!

DAN'S WAVERING! IF I COULD ONLY SPEAK TO HIM---BEG HIM NOT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT HORRIBLE CHARACTER!

SUPPOSE WE TRY OUT THE ARRANGEMENT FOR A WEEK---AND SEE HOW IT WORKS? FOR THE TIME BEING, I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE CHEMICAL PROCESSES WE'LL BE USING MOST FREQUENTLY!



NEARLY AN HOUR LATER---

AH, YES---I KNOW WHAT **THAT** IS! **AQUA FORTIS!**

RIGHT! IT **WAS** CALLED "AQUA FORTIS" BY THE ANCIENT SCIENTISTS YOU'VE STUDIED---BUT SUPPOSE WE USE THE MODERN TERM, **NITRIC ACID?** HOLD THIS A MOMENT---WHILE I POUR IN PRECISELY THE AMOUNT OF ACID WE NEED!



BY TOPHET... IT'S 11:59! I CAN'T STAY HERE... **NOT ANOTHER SECOND!**

SMITH---WATCH OUT! THAT STUFF IS LIKE LIQUID FIRE!



AS SMITH WHIRLS...

GOOD HEAVENS... THE ACID'S SPLASHED SQUARELY IN HIS FACE!

SPLAT!



YOU FOOL... COME BACK! YOU'LL NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION!

NO! NO!



A MOMENT LATER...

IT ISN'T JUST THAT SMITH ACTS STRANGE, DAN---THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT SEEMS DOWN-RIGHT SPOOKY!

INSIDE, ROBOT! YES, HE IS A QUEER CHARACTER, MARCIA---BUT YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! AFTER HAVING THE ROBOT TRY TO GRAB HIM, AND THEN GETTING A BOTTLE OF ACID IN HIS FACE... I DOUBT WHETHER **HE'LL** EVER COME BACK!



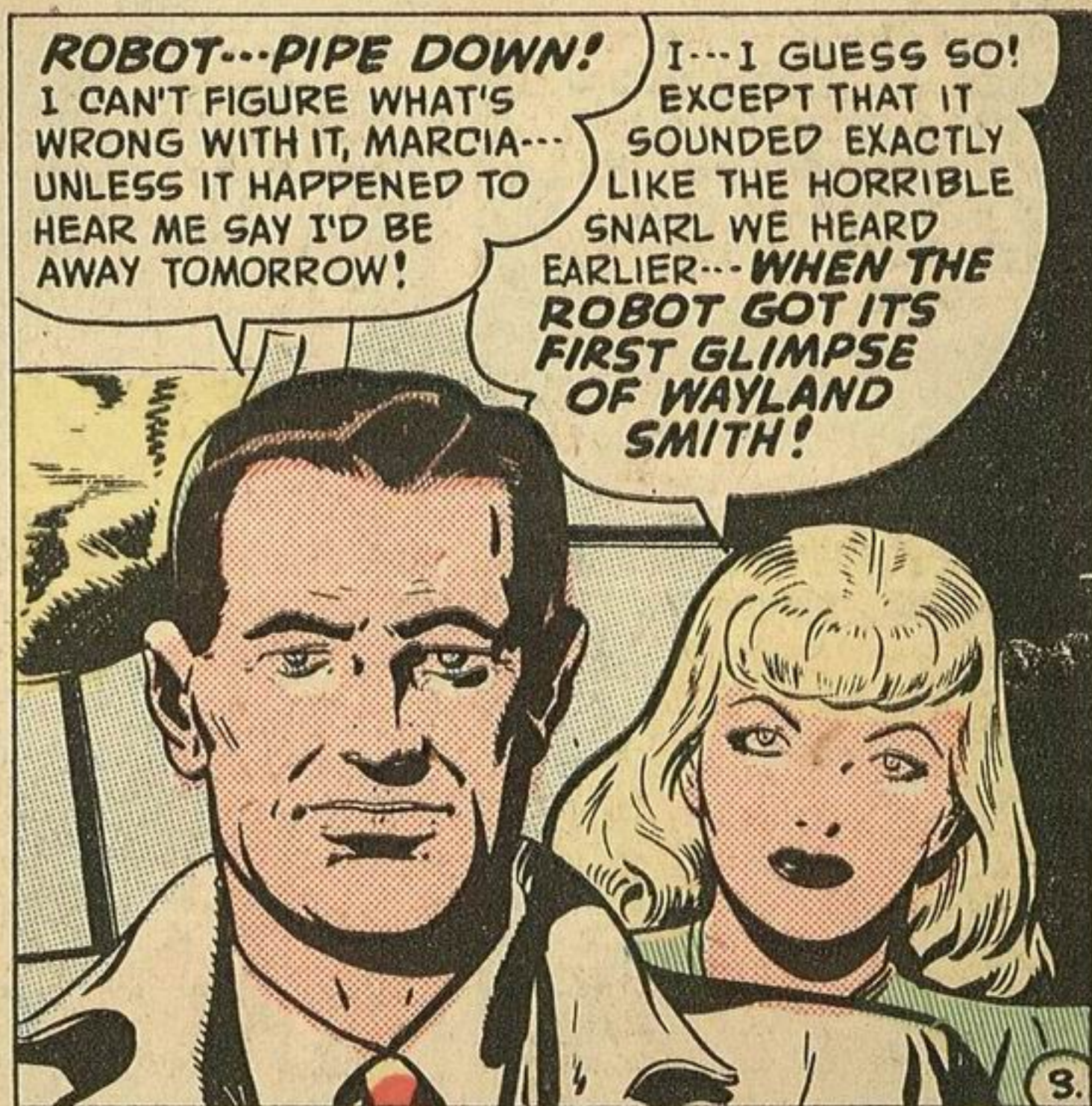
I HOPE NOT...EVEN THOUGH IT **STILL** LEAVES THE PROBLEM OF YOUR GETTING SOMEONE TO HELP OUT!

THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO ABOUT **THAT**...I'LL HAVE TO DRIVE TO NATIONAL TECH AND SEE IF PROFESSOR HARRIMAN CAN MAKE ANY SUGGESTIONS! I PROBABLY WON'T GET BACK UNTIL LATE TOMORROW NIGHT, SO I'D LIKE YOU TO BE ON HAND **HERE**---JUST IN CASE SOMEONE **DOES** ANSWER MY ADVERTISEMENT!



SUDDENLY---

HUUUUH! YARRRGH!



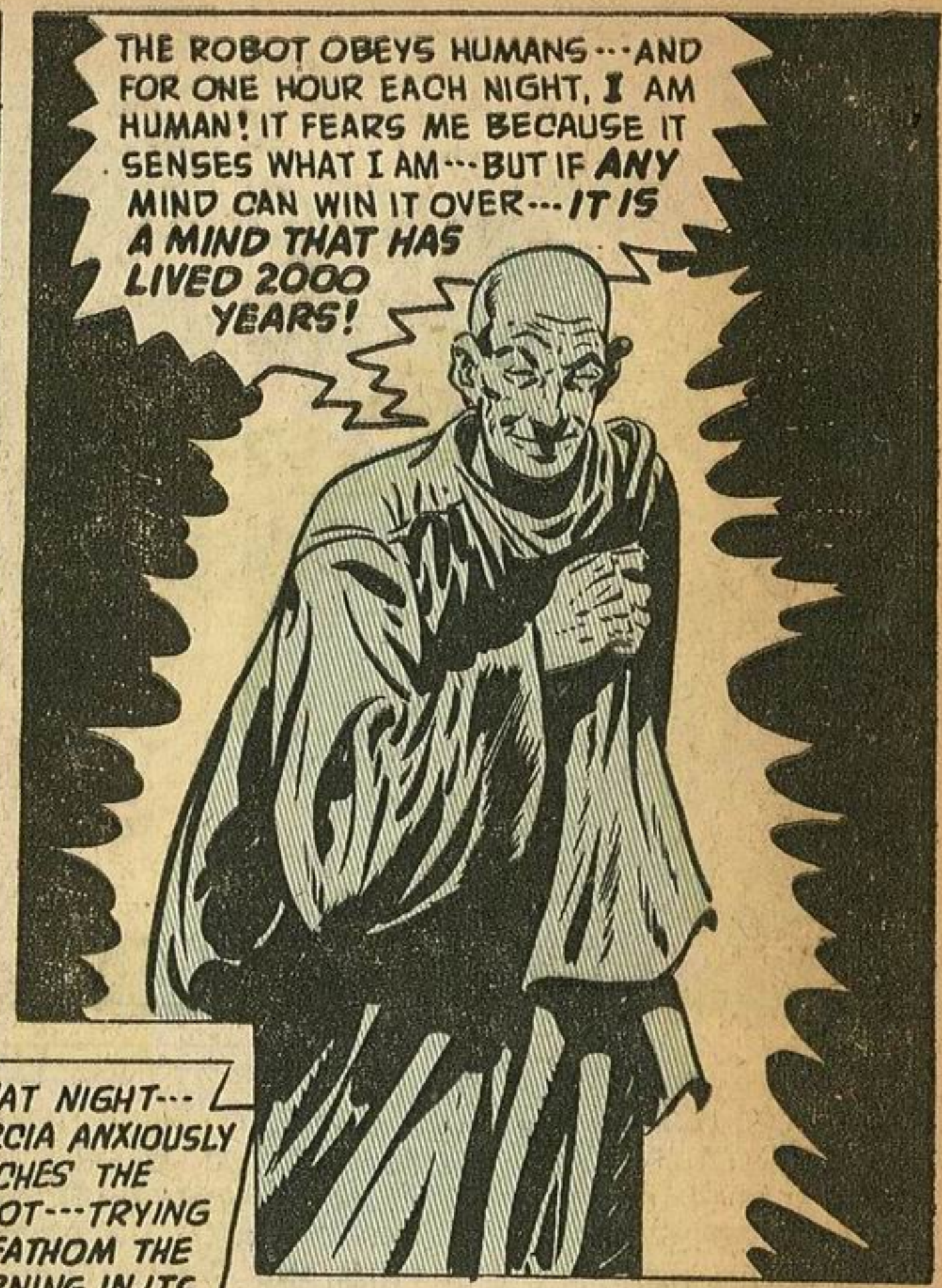
ROBOT---PIPE DOWN! I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT, MARCIA---UNLESS IT HAPPENED TO HEAR ME SAY I'D BE AWAY TOMORROW!

I---I GUESS SO! EXCEPT THAT IT SOUNDED EXACTLY LIKE THE HORRIBLE SNARL WE HEARD EARLIER... **WHEN THE ROBOT GOT ITS FIRST GLIMPSE OF WAYLAND SMITH!**

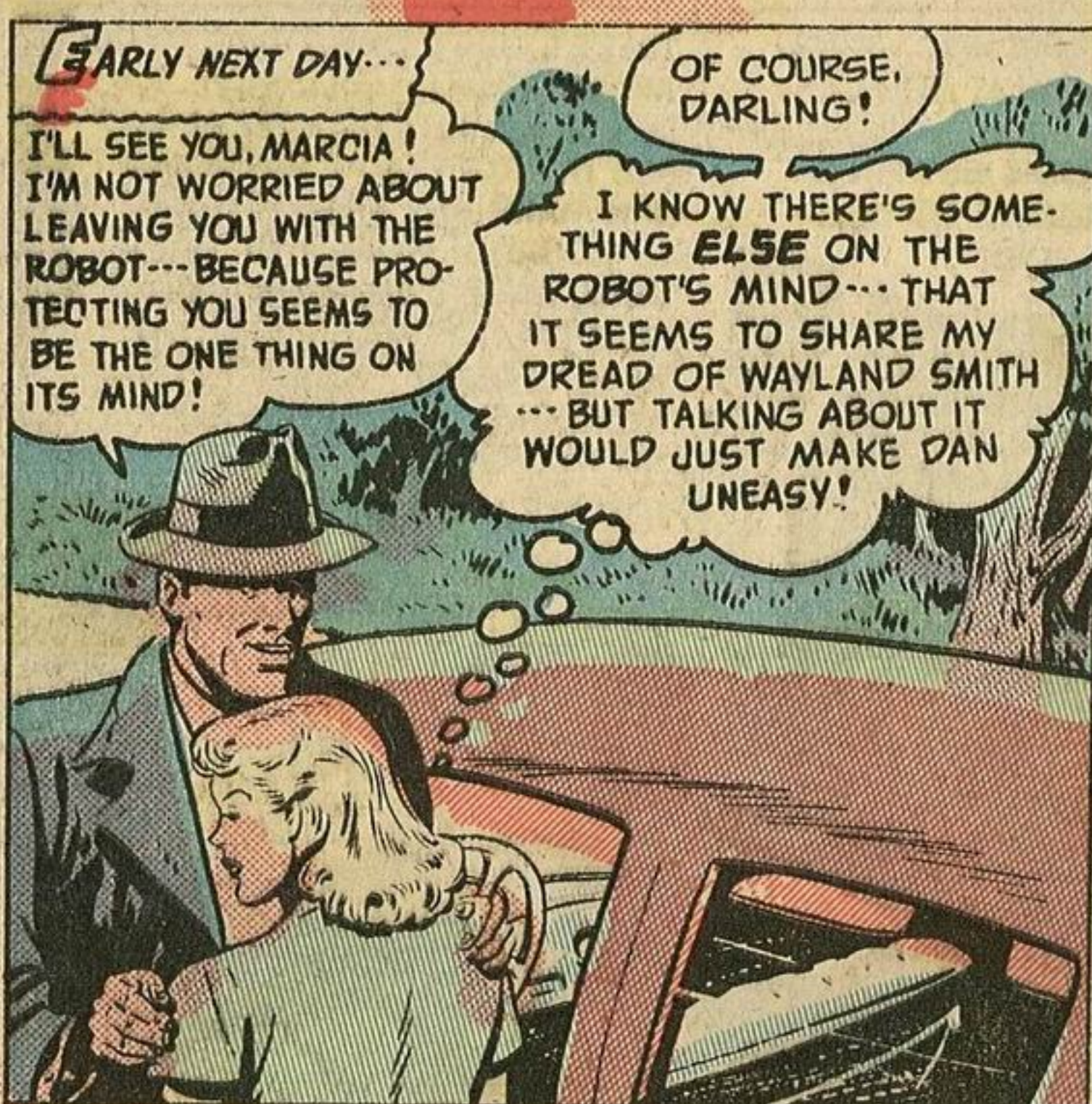


HONEY, I KNOW YOU WERE UPSET BY SMITH --- BUT LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN'T FORGET HIM!

HAA! YES, FOR CENTURIES THE WORLD HAS MANAGED TO FORGET WAYLAND SMITH --- BUT NOW IT WILL BE DIFFERENT!



THE ROBOT OBEYS HUMANS --- AND FOR ONE HOUR EACH NIGHT, I AM HUMAN! IT FEARS ME BECAUSE IT SENSES WHAT I AM --- BUT IF ANY MIND CAN WIN IT OVER --- IT IS A MIND THAT HAS LIVED 2000 YEARS!



EARLY NEXT DAY...

I'LL SEE YOU, MARCIA! I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING YOU WITH THE ROBOT --- BECAUSE PROTECTING YOU SEEMS TO BE THE ONE THING ON ITS MIND!

OF COURSE, DARLING!

I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ON THE ROBOT'S MIND --- THAT IT SEEMS TO SHARE MY DREAD OF WAYLAND SMITH --- BUT TALKING ABOUT IT WOULD JUST MAKE DAN UNEASY!



THAT NIGHT... MARCIA ANXIOUSLY WATCHES THE ROBOT --- TRYING TO FATHOM THE WARNING IN ITS GLOWING EYES AND MUTTERED GROWL!

NEARLY 11:00 --- BUT IT'S SILLY TO THINK OF WAYLAND SMITH! AS DAN POINTED OUT --- THERE ISN'T A CHANCE HE'LL TURN UP AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

GRR-R... GRR-R!



ROBOT, WE BOTH MIGHT AS WELL CALM DOWN! NO ONE'S OUT THERE --- AND IT'S PERFECTLY FOOLISH TO EXPECT ANYONE TO BE!



WOK WOK!



WAYLAND SMITH!

SURPRISED I'M SO PROMPT? IT'S SECOND NATURE BY NOW --- I'VE BEEN TURNING UP AT THE STROKE OF ELEVEN FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!

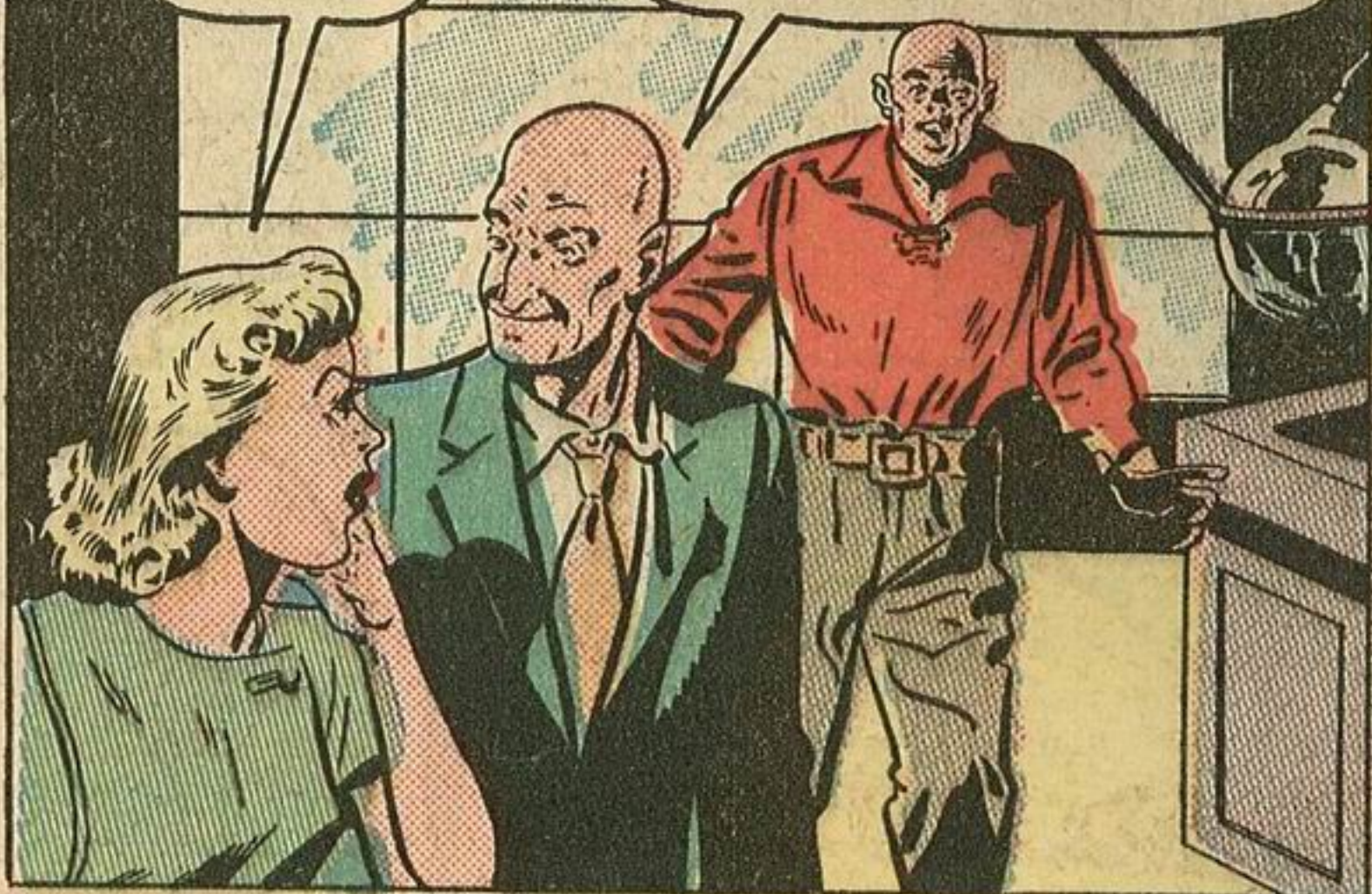
DESPERATELY, MARCIA TRIES TO FIGHT OFF AN UNSEEN PALL OF HORROR!

IT'S JUST LIKE LAST NIGHT---THERE WAS NOTHING BUT DARKNESS OUTSIDE---SECONDS BEFORE WAYLAND SMITH KNOCKED!

THEN---

YOUR FACE! IT DOESN'T SHOW A SINGLE TRACE OF THAT SEARING ACID!

ACID? BUT THAT'S A TRIFLE FOR SOMEONE LIKE MYSELF---SOMEONE WHO HAS SURVIVED DRAGGING BY WILD HORSES---THE STAKE AND THE GUILLOTINE---THE DEADLIEST TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION!



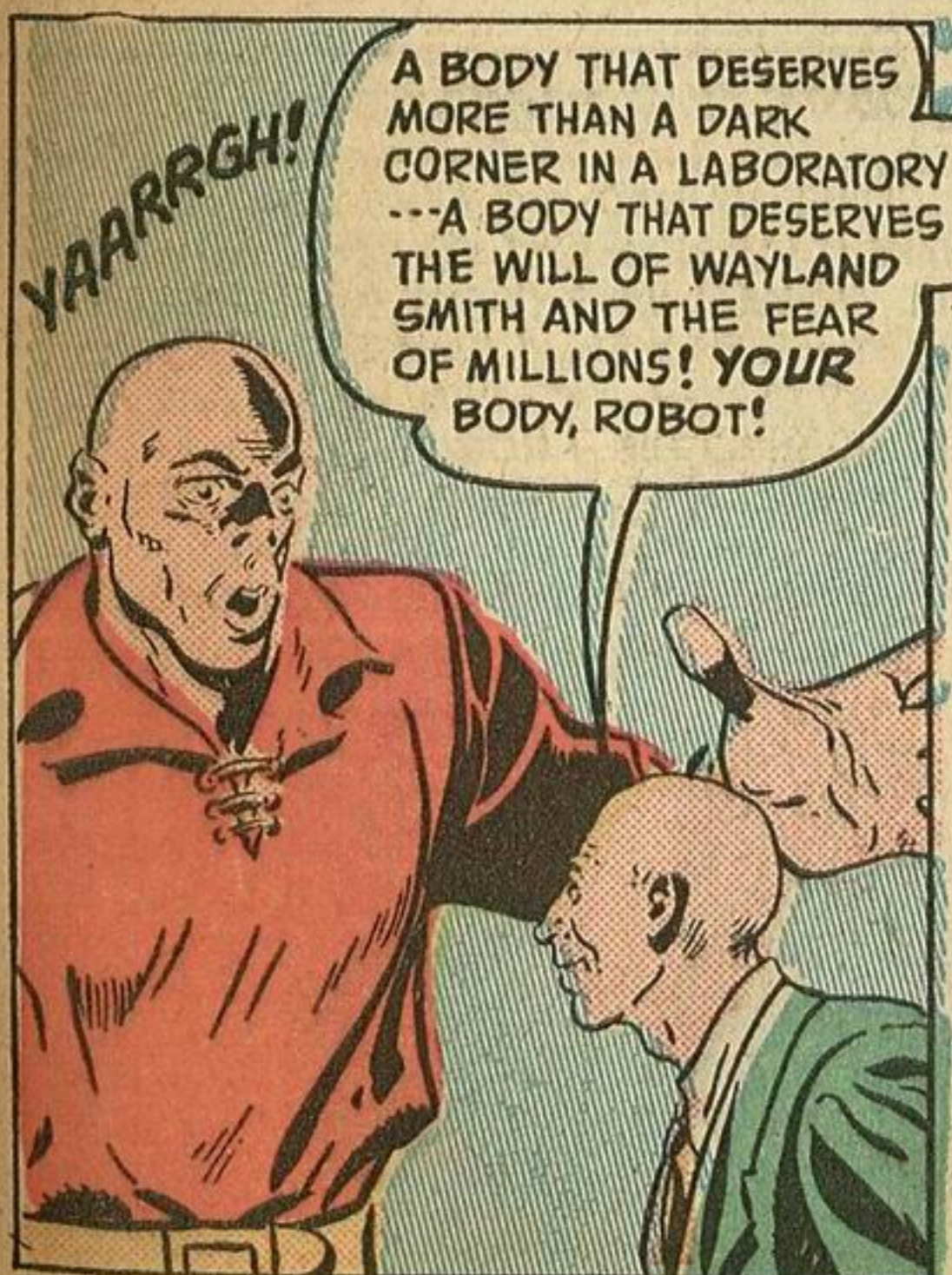
I KNEW IT! AND THE ROBOT KNOWS IT---KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE, AND HAVE BEEN!

YES---ALCHEMIST AND ARMOR-MAKER---SPIRITUALIST AND VODOO DOCTOR! I'VE TRIED **EVERYTHING** IN MY ENDLESS LIFETIME---SEEKING TO GIVE MY DEATHLESS SPIRIT A **DEATHLESS BODY!**



STEP BY STEP, THE ROBOT PACES CLOSER---AND THE SINISTER VOICE DRONES ON!

MAGIC AS BLACK AS A RAVEN'S WING GAVE ME PERPETUAL LIFE---BUT THE MOST I'VE BEEN ABLE TO DO WITH MY **PHYSICAL** SELF IS TO MAKE IT VISIBLE BETWEEN ELEVEN AND MIDNIGHT! A BRAIN LIKE MINE COULD MASTER ALL CREATION---IF IT ONLY HAD THE BODY IT NEEDS---**UNCHANGING AND UNCONQUERABLE!**



A BODY THAT DESERVES MORE THAN A DARK CORNER IN A LABORATORY---A BODY THAT DESERVES THE WILL OF WAYLAND SMITH AND THE FEAR OF MILLIONS! **YOUR BODY, ROBOT!**

SLOWLY, THE ROBOT'S BROODING FACE TAKES ON A SMILE OF MISTY UNDERSTANDING!

HUUUUUGH!

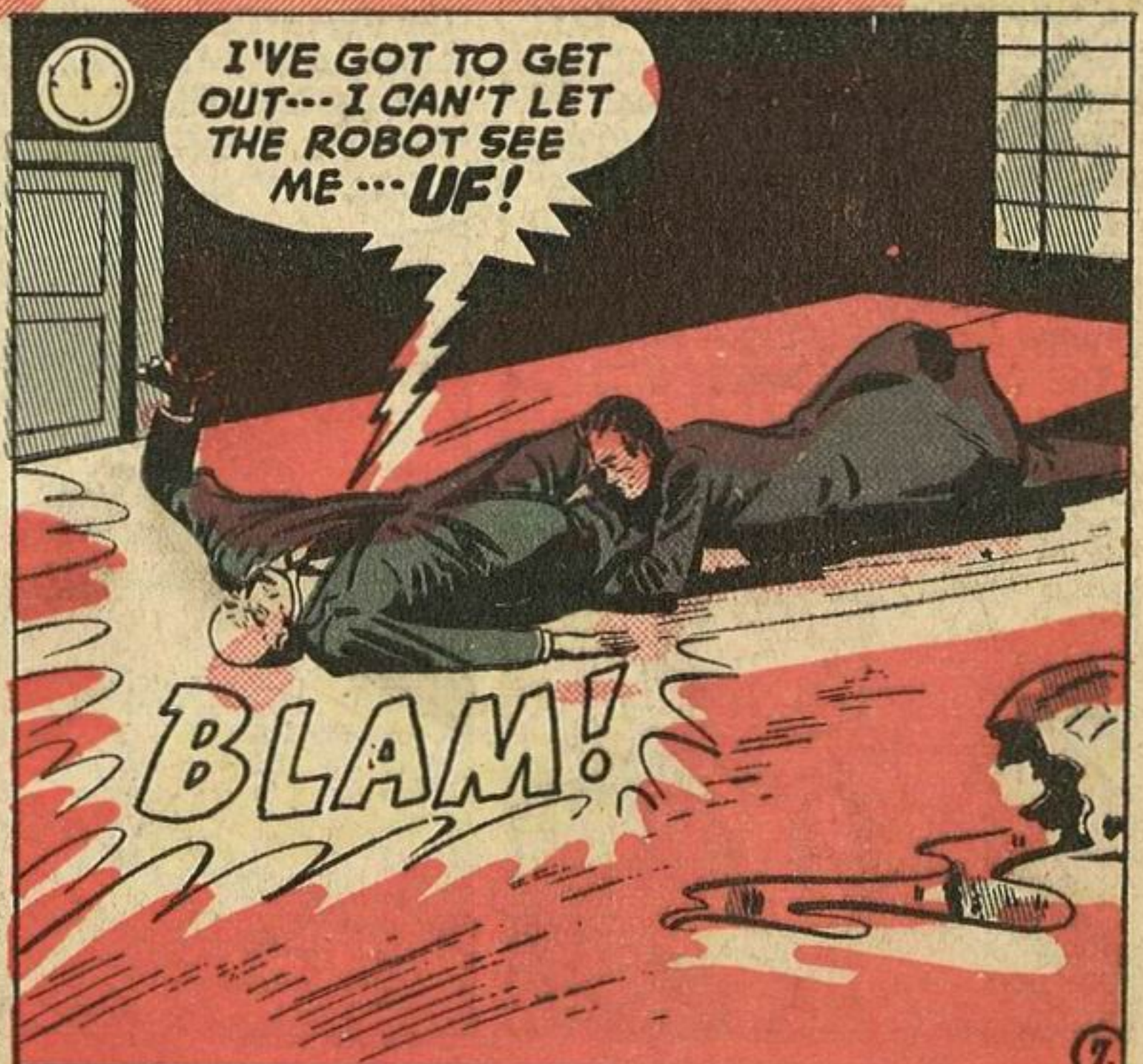
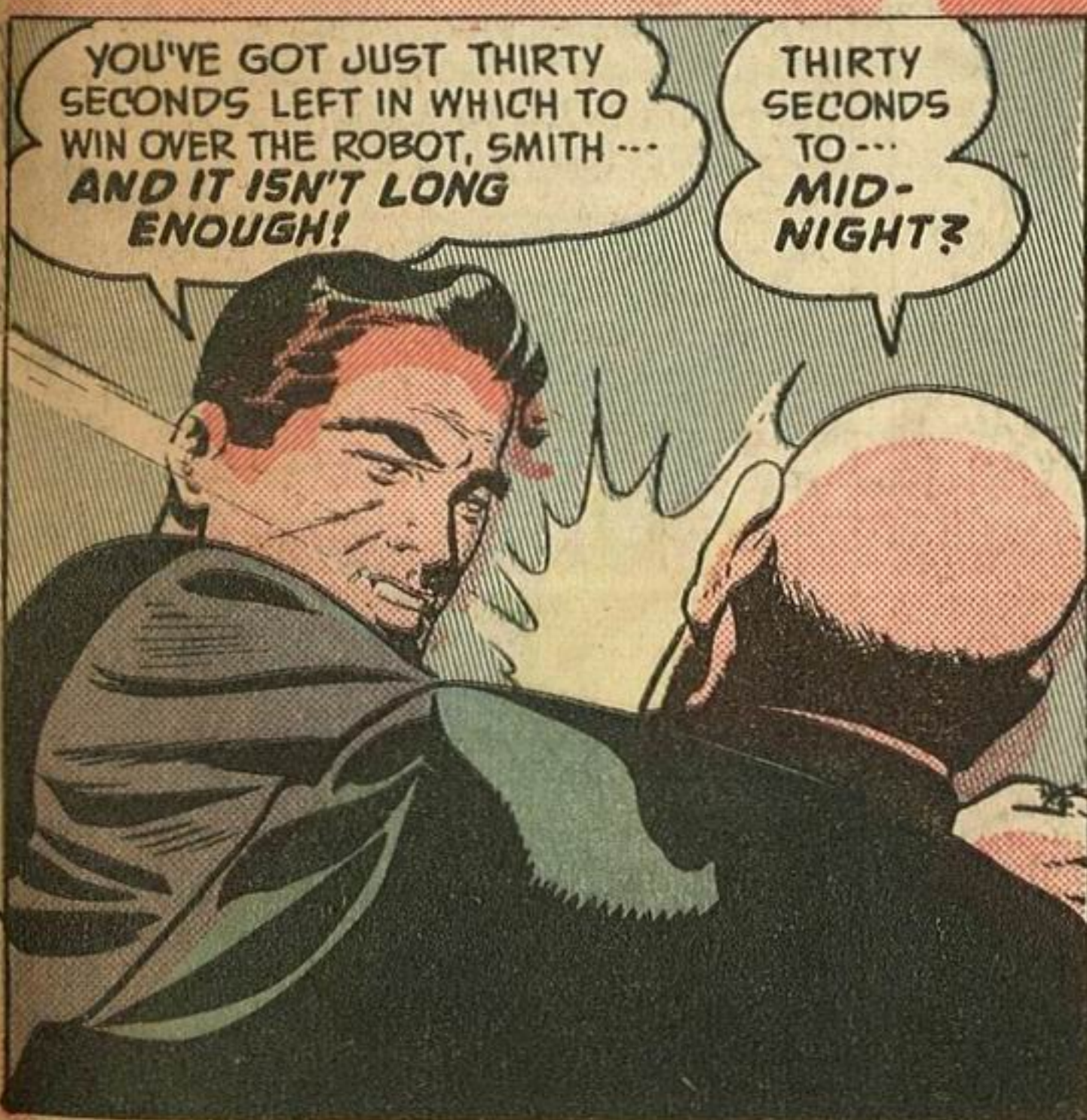


ROBOT---YOU MUSTN'T LISTEN TO HIM! DAN CREATED YOU WITH THE IDEA YOU'D SERVE ALL HUMANITY---NOT A CREATURE OF EVIL LIKE **THIS!**

SAVE YOUR VOICE---THE CREATURE KNOWS WHICH OF US PROMISES THE MOST! ROBOT, TAKE MY HAND---AND SEAL THE PACT THAT WILL LAST **FOR-EVER!**







IN A FLASH---SMITH UNDERGOES A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION!

HAAA! AND NOW, DR. WARREN?

GREAT GUNS! IF I EVER LOOKED STARK EVIL IN THE FACE BEFORE---THIS IS IT!

PERHAPS IT IS TOO LATE TO CONTROL THE ROBOT! BUT I CAN ELUDE THE LUMBERING BRUTE--- WHILE I TEAR YOU APART!

RECOGNIZE IT, ROBOT? THAT'S WHAT TRIED TO MASTER YOU--- A BEING THAT WOULD HAVE MADE YOU AN INSTRUMENT OF HORROR!



TERRIBLE IMAGES FLASH THROUGH THE ROBOT'S MIND---IMAGES OF THE FIENDS THAT HAD TRIED TO ENSLAVE IT IN THE PAST! THEN---WITH A THUNDERING ROAR---

GARRRGH!



FOR THE FIRST TIME, MARCIA, THE GHOST OF WAYLAND SMITH IS UP AGAINST A CREATURE LIKE ITSELF---HALF MORTAL AND HALF SUPER-NATURAL---A CREATURE WHOSE INTENSE HATRED OF EVIL GIVES IT THE POWER TO DESTROY THE THING BEFORE IT!

YAAAGH!

CRRRAK!



IN A DISSOLVING PUFF OF FLAME---THE GHOST DISAPPEARS!

I'M PRETTY SURE THE ROBOT WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE DANGER FROM NOW ON--- BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, DAN? HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SHOW UP--- HOURS BEFORE I EXPECTED YOU?

HUUUGH!

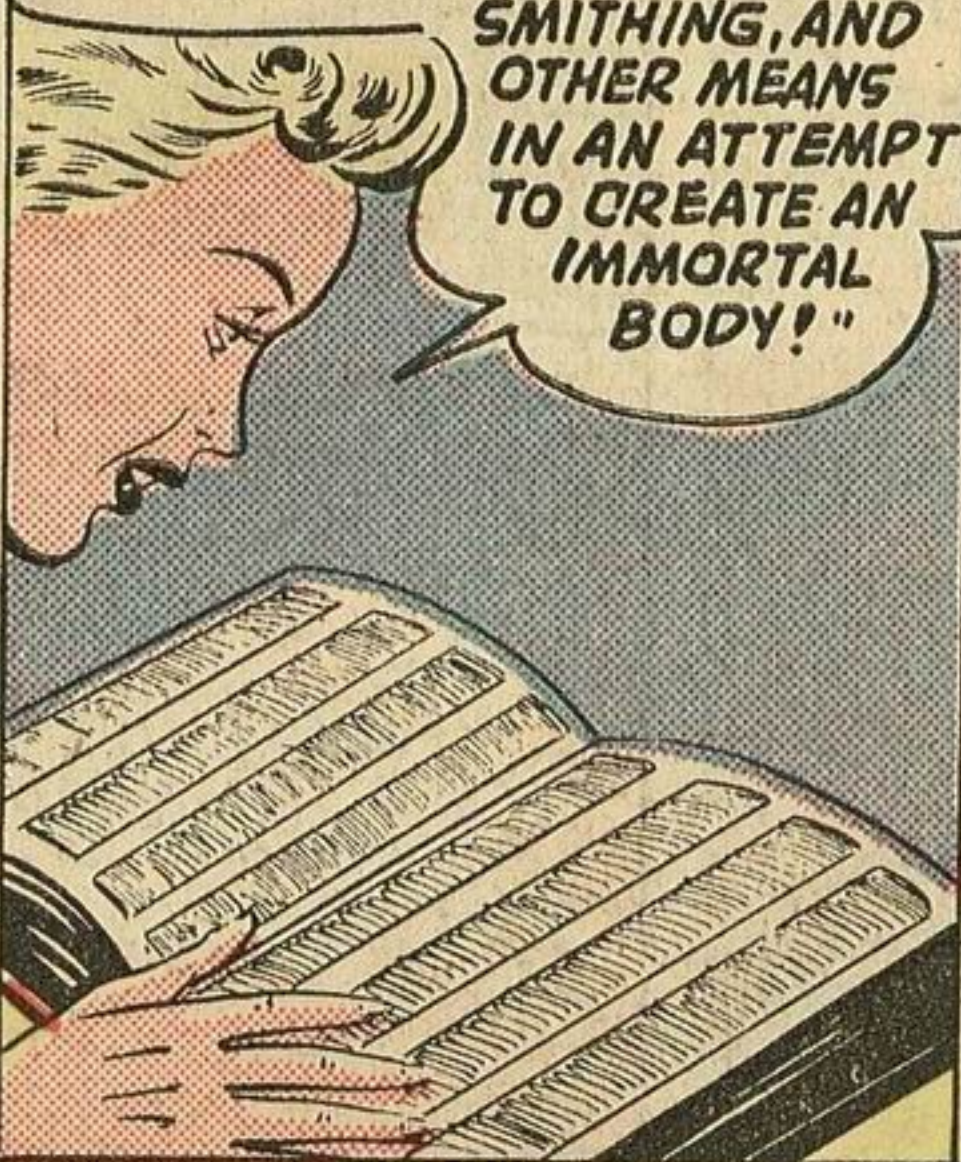


BLAM!

I SAID IT WAS A FLUKE, HONEY! I HAPPENED TO BE TALKING TO PROFESSOR HARRIMAN ABOUT THE DAYS WHEN THE ROBOT WAS EVEN MORE UNPREDICTABLE THAN IT IS NOW---AND HOW I'D BEEN WAYLAIN BY IT! HE INTERRUPTED, SAYING THE CORRECT WORD WAS "WAYLAID"... AND I CHECKED IN THE DICTIONARY! HERE'S WHAT I FOUND!



THE DEFINITION DIRECTLY BELOW "WAYLAY" IS "WAYLAND SMITH"! "IN EARLY TEUTONIC LEGEND, AN EVIL SPIRIT THAT USED SORCERY, ALCHEMY, BLACK-SMITHING, AND OTHER MEANS IN AN ATTEMPT TO CREATE AN IMMORTAL BODY!"



GOOD HEAVENS, DAN! AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES OF TRYING---IT SCARES ME TO THINK HOW CLOSE WAYLAND SMITH CAME TO SUCCEEDING THIS TIME!



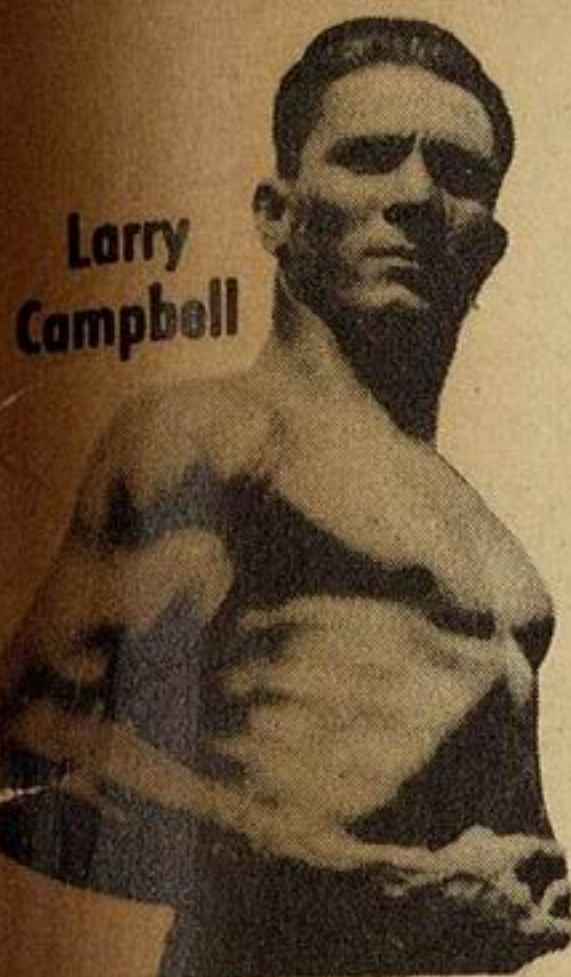
AGAIN---THE ROBOT FORMS A BRIDGE TO THE HAUNTED BEYOND--- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

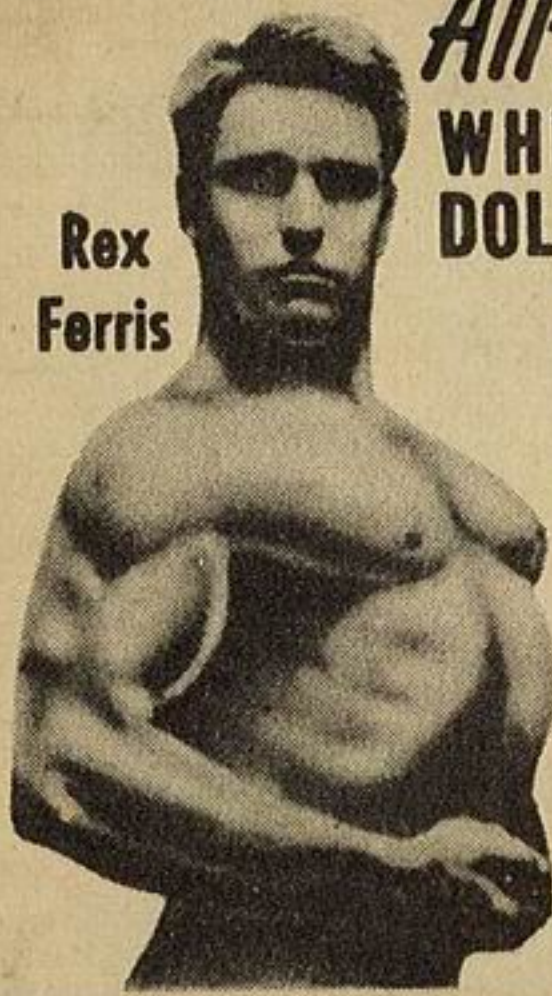
to become an

"All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?



Larry Campbell



Rex Ferris

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

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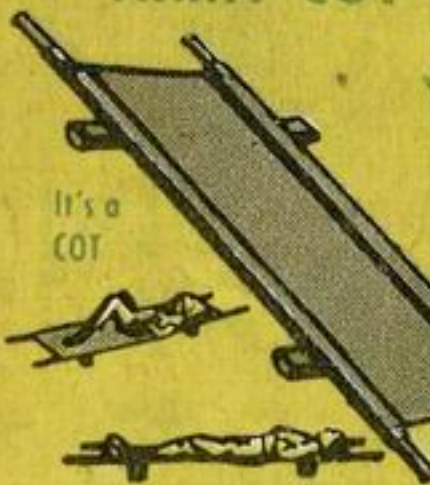
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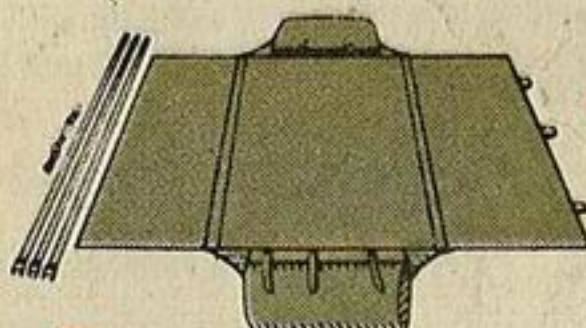
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